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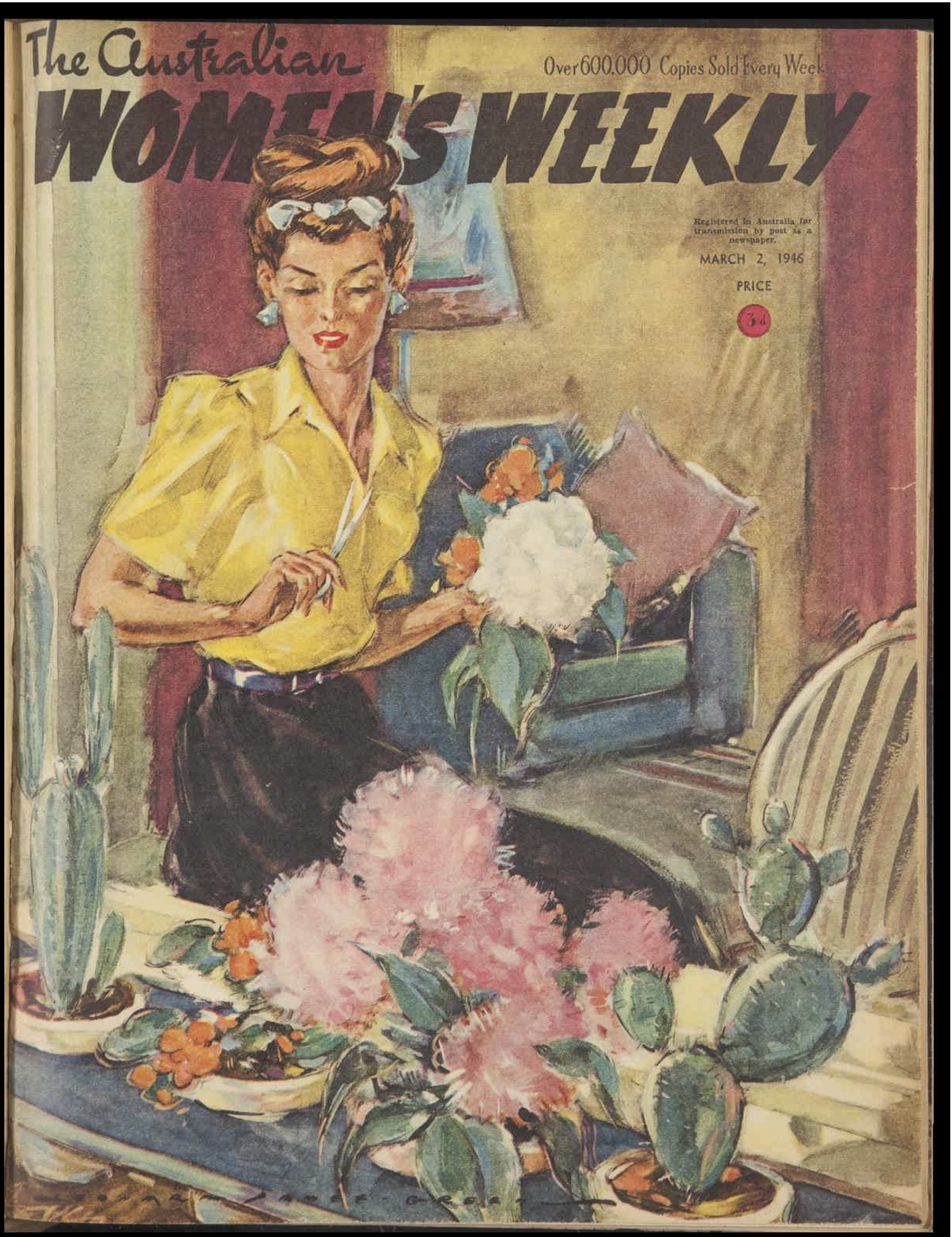

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BRIEF HEAVEN

15 MAR 1946

By . . . ROSE FRANKEN

"Let me talk to him a minute," Claudia said anxiously.

THERE wasn't a peep out of the telephone the whole next day, except a mistake. Claudia was in the cellar when it rang, tidying up a stack of odd bits of wood which David refused to throw away. She dashed up the wooden stairs, stumbling over Matthew, who was in the kitchen on his hands and knees, pushing a biscuit tin across the floor.

"Don't kick my train," he reproved her grievedly.

"Excuse me," she said. "And do stop that unearthly noise," she added.

"I'm the engine," he explained.

Her heart was hammering in her ears as she lifted the receiver, and it was like a blow in the solar plexus to hear a woman's scrawny voice demand a pound of steak for stewing. "This is not the butcher's," said Claudia coldly, and rang off.

Through the sitting-room windows she could see David hot-footing it across the lawn from the barn, but he was the image of Bobby the way he said, "What time will supper be ready?" instead of asking what he really wanted to know.

"Supper will be ready at the usual time," Claudia informed him, "and it wasn't Sam Goldheart on the phone."

"They've probably decided not to do the play," he replied.

His evident intention to brazen it out confounded her. "And why shouldn't they do the play?" she inquired ironically.

"Because it's no good."

"And how would you know that? Did you read it?"

"I know without reading it that anything Jerry Seymour writes can't be good. 'Sad Ecstasy.'" He stated the title sourly, and then disposed of Mr Seymour's literary output in a simple word.

"Fine language," Claudia commented, but she was pleased. David's animosity towards a man he hardly knew, and whom he hadn't laid eyes on for five years, was rather gratifying.

"What are you grinning about?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Just thinking," she murmured.

"You're bats," said David.

She never ceased to marvel how completely they understood each other—at times their marriage almost boiled down to pantomime. David could do more with his left eyebrow than most men could accomplish by an immense amount of talk.

His eyebrow was particularly expressive as he passed her the newspaper across the breakfast-table the next morning. Even Bobby recognised something momentous in the air. He was about to go upstairs before the school bus came, but he drifted back to peer over her shoulder. Ever since his mother's name had been in the newspaper the time she had been hit by a lorry, he lived in hopes that lightning would strike twice in the same place.

Claudia glanced down at the punctiliously folded sheet—the neatest thing about David was his newspaper—and Jerry Seymour's photograph smiled back at her from the top of the theatrical page. Underneath the picture was the caption:

"SEYMOUR PLAY STARTS REHEARSALS TO-DAY."

"Stop breathing down my neck," said Claudia.

"But I can't see what it says," Bobby protested.

"It says your father is a fool," David told him.

"Where?" he demanded eagerly.

"It doesn't," said Claudia. "It says your mother never was an actress and never will be."

"I can't see your name, and I can't see Daddy's name," Bobby stated with finality.

"And anyway," Claudia continued over the lump of disappointment in her throat, "I wouldn't go to London for anything and miss all these beautiful spring days here."

They didn't, either of them, allude to the play again, but each morning, after David went to the dairy, Claudia scanned the theatrical page.

On Sunday there was quite a long article about Sam Goldheart. It called him the Grand Old Man of the Theatre, and told how many great stars he had discovered in his forty-odd years of producing.

In his current production of "Sad Ecstasy," it went on to say, he had wooed Sally Evans from the musical comedy stage to essay her first straight dramatic role. Sally Evans, Claudia remembered, was the girl Jerry Seymour hadn't wanted for Cornelia, but evidently an author didn't have very much to say about the casting of his play.

"That," thought Claudia, "is that." It was the nearest she came to admitting, even to herself, that until that moment she hadn't really given up hope.

"Now that the cellar's behind me," she said to David as they went to bed that night, "I'm going to tackle the attic to-morrow. It's been hanging over my head for weeks."

"You poor old drudge," said David.

It was the kind of understanding that made her want to cry. She was glad when he said in the next breath, "Don't touch any of my stuff up there or I'll break your neck."

He didn't trust her, and took time off in the middle of the afternoon to visit the scene of operations. She looked up at him from the musty insid"s of an old trunk, and blew the hair out of her eyes. "What'd you do with Matthew?"

"Threw him in the lake." He rescued a box of ancient nuts and screws of sorts from a pile of trash, and she could literally see the architect in him spring up like a jack-in-the-box. "What are you doing with these?" he bristled.

"Throwing them away—they're no good. I mean it, where's Matthew?"

"Riding on the tractor with Edward. These latches were on the doors when we bought the house. They're a hundred and fifty years old!"

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THE STORY SO FAR:

SHATTERING the calm of her happy domestic routine with her husband, DAVID, and small sons, BOBBY and MATTHEW, CLAUDIA McNAUGHTON receives an urgent request from an old friend, playwright JERRY SEYMOUR, to appear in his play, which is to open in London shortly. In a state of great indecision, she allows him to introduce her to SAM GOLDHEART, his producer. However, Goldheart seems unimpressed, and she returns home torn between relief and disappointment.

Now read col. 1:—

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Three To Get Ready

By MARION GREENE

GEORGE FLIGHT, home from the night-shift, headed for the kitchen and made to scoop his wife into his arms.

Without make-up, her face freshly scrubbed and rosy like a little girl's, and her red curls still crisp from the shower spray, Kelly invited such attention. But as George scooped, Kelly neatly sidestepped and George gathered to his chest an armful of vacancy, instead of an armful of Kelly.

"Just what is Trumpeter of Wickhamshire?" Kelly demanded.

"I wouldn't know." George sampled a glass of tomato juice. "Sounds like something you might pick up in the Daily Racing Form."

"A horse!" Firecrackers banged behind Kelly's grey-green eyes. "We can't afford a horse. When the man brings it, I want you to tell him to take it right back."

"Even if it's a nice, congenial horse? After all, we haven't any car." Peeling off this and that on the way, George headed for the shower.

The grime of his attendance at a turret lathe removed, George took his place before the gaily woven cover on the table by the window and Kelly served his breakfast. As she poured coffee she stood momentarily beside George. He scooped again and was successful. Kelly subsided in his arms. "Now about this horse—what made you buy it in the first place?" he asked.

"Don't saddle it on me," Kelly said angrily. "It's yours. You won it in a raffle. The man is bringing it round this morning."

"Then it's no horse," sighed George with regret. "No horses or spare tyres or drums of oil or matched golf-clubs to be won now. Not any more. Could be a counterpane or a chinchilla rabbit."

"Trumpeter of Wickhamshire. Try to remember, George."

George obliged. Intense concentration sifted through his eyes in a mildly entranced stare.

"Sorry. It escapes me. You know how it is. I buy so many. Sixpence down, here's your ticket, mister, and my name in a little book."

"I do indeed!" She spoke a little bitterly. The raffle tickets George bought would have papered a house.

"We'll have to wait and see," George concluded. "It may be something useful."

Kelly was leaving for the hospital—she was an assistant in the X-ray department—when the man arrived. With the flourish of an experienced showman he set Trumpeter of Wickhamshire upon a corner of the living-room rug and stepped back with modest pride. Trumpeter propped his small barrel chest upon sturdy forelegs and hung out a pink flag of tongue. A tan cocker pup, he had a good square head, floppy paws, and the devil in his eyes.

"If you don't want the dog," the man was saying, "you can get a war loan bond. Take your choice."

For George there was no choice. He snapped his fingers at the pup. "Trump, step over and get acquainted with your old man." The pup wriggled and wove an uncertain path to George's feet, feinting and shamming small retreats. George laughed out loud.

Kelly glanced apprehensively at the rug, the draperies, and sofa flounce of flowered chintz.

"Do you think we really need a dog?" She was sweetly reasonable about it.

"Of course not." George afforded her his most ingratiating grin. "But having this pup round will be like a string tied round my finger, a reminder that I'm all through with raffles."

"Is that a promise?"

"A solemn promise," George declaimed.

"In that case," Kelly stroked Trump's silky ears, "even if he wrecks the place, he'll still be a financial asset."

George took Trump for an airing in the park. Returning home, he folded his warmest sweater into a nest in a corner, introduced Trump to his new bed, and turned in himself. Trump was used to working day-shift. He wasn't sleepy. Head wadded ineffectually into a pillow, George heard him padding through the flat, nosing into corners, sniffing and trying to jump into Kelly's perfect chairs. Then Trump began to cry, pitiably, like a baby. He was lonely.

George heaved out of bed. Establish a routine, that was the ticket. And be authoritative. The difficulty was that Trump didn't understand.

Trump prowled and howled. George rose again. The day passed and it was almost time for Kelly to come home. Authority was still unestablished.

Upon her arrival Kelly immediately noticed the damp spots on the rug, the chewed chintz window drapery, and George, looking chewed too, dead upon his feet for sleep.

"Steak for dinner, George! Actually steak." Kelly was determinedly cheerful.

George fell asleep after dinner like an old man over the evening paper. Equally exhausted by the turmoil of the day, Trump dozed on George's chest. Compassionately Kelly left them undisturbed. At eleven, when she had George's lunch-box packed and it was time for him to leave, she prodded them awake.

Fortunately George got a seat in the plant bus, but he had no chance to snatch a wink. Sandy Masters crowded in beside him.

"How about a ticket on a draw for Chinese Relief?" Sandy hauled a book of blanks from a pocket in his leather jacket and fished for a stub of pencil. "A model bungalow. Out on Belvedere Boulevard. All furnished. It's a prize."

"Not me." George was emphatic. "Money wasted. Thrown down the drain."

"On the Chinese. Every penny goes to the Chinese. Call that money down the drain?"

"No, but I said I'd stop when I won one raffle," George explained. "And I won. The craziest little mutt." The trials of the day dissolving in retrospect, George's face softened with affection for the pup. "So no more raffles for me."

"When your luck's in!" Sandy could not believe it. "Luck runs in threes, George, good or bad. You're breaking into good. You'll win the next two chances. You can't lose. A model bungalow on Belvedere Boulevard. Think of it!"

George did. And wondered how a model bungalow would stack up against a broken promise with a girl like Kelly. Not too well, he feared. But Sandy was persuasive. George finally gave in. "Give me four tickets," he said.

He walked into the flat next morning with six tickets tucked into the pocket at the back of his wallet, four from Sandy and two Miss Purvis had unloaded; Miss Purvis was in the timekeeper's office and had red curls like Kelly's, so that lapse, if not excusable, had been fairly understandable.

No aroma of coffee welcomed him, no merry bubbling on the stove, no clatter and no Kelly. Only a vast silence. Kelly still slept, her bright hair splashed upon the pillow, purple shadows of exhaustion under her sweeping eyelashes, and Trump cradled in the curve of her arm. Trump opened one eye and regarded George triumphantly.

George tiptoed from the room, Trump at his heels. When George picked him up, Trump licked his face exuberantly.

"You forgot this," said Kelly, and George saw the box in her hands.

Yawning and heavy - lidded, Kelly appeared. "Oh, hello, George. You won yourself some dog! At least he will condition us."

"For what?"

"For afterward—small fry round the dream house, patience by the bushel."

George choked on an overwhelming sense of guilt; because Kelly's confidence in him was happily secure she was putting up uncomplainingly with his dog.

He practised little speeches. "Look here, Kelly. I've a confession. I'm not the strong character you think me——" No—too humble. He tried again: "I've been sinking a few shillings here and there. Strictly my own affair, you understand. I was a fool to make that promise——" But strife had sprung up over less. So he said nothing.

Please turn to page 27

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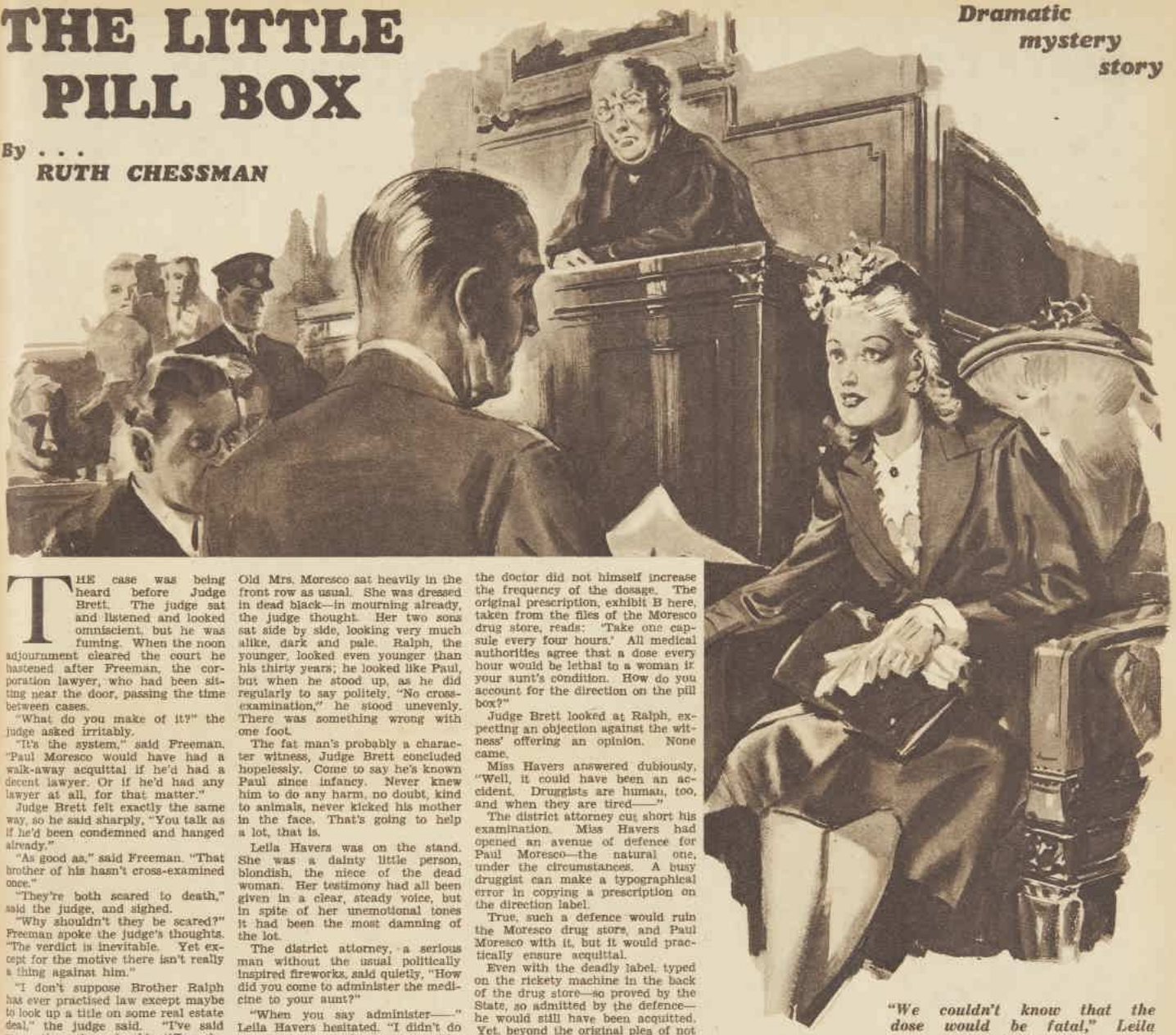
THE LITTLE PILL BOX

Dramatic mystery story

By . . .
RUTH CHESSMAN



THE case was being heard before Judge Brett. The judge sat and listened and looked omniscient, but he was fuming. When the noon adjournment cleared the court he hastened after Freeman, the corporation lawyer, who had been sitting near the door, passing the time between cases.

"What do you make of it?" the judge asked irritably.

"It's the system," said Freeman. "Paul Moresco would have had a walk-away acquittal if he'd had a decent lawyer. Or if he'd had any lawyer at all, for that matter."

Judge Brett felt exactly the same way, so he said sharply, "You talk as if he'd been condemned and hanged already."

"As good as," said Freeman. "That brother of his hasn't cross-examined once."

"They're both scared to death," said the judge, and sighed.

"Why shouldn't they be scared?" Freeman spoke the judge's thoughts. "The verdict is inevitable. Yet except for the motive there isn't really a thing against him."

"I don't suppose Brother Ralph has ever practised law except maybe to look up a title on some real estate deal," the judge said. "I've said many time they should stiffen the requirements, and nobody listens to me. Permitting a peewee like Ralph Moresco to defend his brother is murder. It's always murder when an incapable lawyer practises, because his innocent client is sure to be convicted."

"Oh! So you think Paul is innocent?"

"He's innocent until he's proved guilty," said the judge stiffly. "Need I remind you?"

"Well, do you know what's going to prove him guilty?" Freeman asked cheerfully. "That little pill box."

"Don't forget the little bequest of ten thousand dollars," said Judge Brett dryly, and went on for lunch, muttering to himself.

When court resumed, there was a fat man sitting by the Morescos. Old Mrs. Moresco sat heavily in the front row as usual. She was dressed in dead black—in mourning already, the judge thought. Her two sons sat side by side, looking very much alike, dark and pale. Ralph, the younger, looked even younger than his thirty years; he looked like Paul, but when he stood up, as he did regularly to say politely, "No cross-examination," he stood unevenly. There was something wrong with one foot.

The fat man's probably a character witness, Judge Brett concluded hopelessly. Come to say he's known Paul since infancy. Never knew him to do any harm, no doubt, kind to animals, never kicked his mother in the face. That's going to help a lot, that is.

Leila Havers was on the stand. She was a dainty little person, blondish, the niece of the dead woman. Her testimony had all been given in a clear, steady voice, but in spite of her unemotional tones it had been the most damning of the lot.

The district attorney, a serious man without the usual politically inspired fireworks, said quietly, "How did you come to administer the medicine to your aunt?"

"When you say administer——" Leila Havers hesitated. "I didn't do any more than bring it to her. She was perfectly able to take it herself. I have been—I had been her companion for two years. I had always brought her whatever medicine she was to take. That was expected of me."

"Did either of you notice that the frequency of the dose had been changed?"

"Yes, we both did. Aunt Helen laughed and said, 'The old fool'." She glanced apologetically to one side as she spoke. A lean old man stirred and smiled.

"She meant Dr. Wales."

"Yes. She thought he considered her heart worse. We couldn't know, of course, that the dose repeated within an hour would be—would be fatal." She faltered slightly.

"It has been proved in court that the doctor did not himself increase the frequency of the dosage. The original prescription, exhibit B here, taken from the files of the Moresco drug store, reads: 'Take one capsule every four hours.' All medical authorities agree that a dose every hour would be lethal to a woman in your aunt's condition. How do you account for the direction on the pill box?"

Judge Brett looked at Ralph, expecting an objection against the witness' offering an opinion. None came.

Miss Havers answered dubiously, "Well, it could have been an accident. Druggists are human, too, and when they are tired——"

The district attorney cut short his examination. Miss Havers had opened an avenue of defence for Paul Moresco—the natural one, under the circumstances. A busy druggist can make a typographical error in copying a prescription on the direction label.

True, such a defence would ruin the Moresco drug store, and Paul Moresco with it, but it would practically ensure acquittal.

Even with the deadly label, typed on the rickety machine in the back of the drug store—so proved by the State, so admitted by the defence—he would still have been acquitted. Yet, beyond the original plea of not guilty, the defence had not denied anything.

The judge waited expectantly. Certainly Ralph would not let this chance go by, a perfect opportunity to raise a reasonable doubt, if nothing more. But no, Ralph said, "No cross-examination." Judge Brett nodded a dismissal to Miss Havers, and said to Ralph Moresco, "This is somewhat unusual, Mr. Moresco. Does the defence plan to change the plea?"

"We plan no change, your Honor," Ralph said. "But I would like the court's permission to recall Miss Havers for cross-examination later as a defence witness."

"Why not now?" Judge Brett asked testily.

"Miss Havers' testimony would be of no value to me at present. Not until I establish a fact of great importance."

The man's voice was mellow and surprisingly steady. Judge Brett granted, with some surprise. Not the untried beginner he had seemed, undoubtedly. Nevertheless, it was impossible to anticipate what he had in mind—a very good thing, Judge Brett admitted suddenly, very good indeed, in a lawyer.

"When do you propose to establish this fact?"

"As soon as the State rests."

"In that case you may recall Miss Havers later."

The State concluded its case with Miss Havers with amused alacrity.

Ralph's first witness was Philip Craig.

Oh dear, thought the judge. He finally calls a witness and it has to be this moth-eaten specimen who will, of course, testify for the prosecution.

"You were the attorney for the late Mrs. Havers?"

Mr. Craig was tall and thin. He looked like a butler out of the movies. He admitted cautiously that such had been his relation.

"And have you a copy of Mrs. Havers' will?"

"Yes, a copy." Mr. Craig reached into a pocket and drew out a legal-looking paper. "Here it is."

"Will you read off the principal bequests?"

Please turn to page 27

"We couldn't know that the dose would be fatal," Leila said falteringly.

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Meeting the GIRL-FRIEND'S GIRL-FRIENDS

THEIR THIRD DEGREE METHODS TERRIFY THE BRAVEST OF SWAINS

By LARRY BOYS

MEETING the family is an ordeal so traditional that it has become conventionalised into a series of formulas. These present no difficulty to a suitor who is prepared to put in a couple of evenings swotting up the gentle art of ingratiating as applied to prospective in-laws.

But meeting the girl-friend's girl-friends is a different kettle of fish. They've got you at a disadvantage from the start. To begin with, they've already heard more about you from your fiancee than is good for any girl to know about a strange man.

From the very outset they are coldly critical. Behind a frothy smoke-screen of frivolous small-talk they analyse you with the penetrating insight of an X-ray.

Your good points, if any, are ignored. They deliberately probe you for wife-beating tendencies, potential alcoholism, mental incompatibility, and secret vices.

While blandly discussing the weather, you can feel them mentally assessing the quality of the suit you are wearing (your best one, of course), how old your shoes are, whether or not your socks are darned.

Every time you force a smile their eyes run swiftly over your teeth, playing the old game of True or False?

Every halting sentence you breathe is analysed to determine the standard of your education.

● *"Behind a smoke-screen of frivolous small-talk, they analyse you with the penetrating insight of an X-ray."*

They make insidious passes at you to see if you are the flirt they suspect you of being. They refer obliquely to your "last girl" and trap you into generalisations about women until it is quite obvious that you are a blackguardly philanderer.

The day after the interview, they invariably have lunch with your girl, and after vague preliminaries the verdict is announced:

"Bill is quite a nice boy, Carole, dear, but do you really think you'll marry him? I was awfully impressed by him, of course, but I can't help feeling, deep inside . . ."

Then the long campaign begins—the nerve-racking, painstaking business of winning the approval of your girl-friend's girl-friends.

You run into Joan in the street. "Hullo, Joan!" you gush. "My, isn't that a lovely little dress you're wearing! Where did you get it? Looks sort of French to me. Not a Paris model, is it?"

She simpers, and says it's just a little thing she ran up herself. For this effort you score ten points, which you immediately write down in a little notebook.

And so it goes on. Weeks of it. Months of it.

The little foursomes are the worst. "We're having a little foursome at the flat on Tuesday, darling. Do come along and bring your new boy-friend." The plot is so blatantly deep laid that you are flabbergasted from the outset. You find that the husband takes care of your fiancee while the hostess uses you for experiments in vivisection.

You feel that a new-born babe might possibly emerge blameless from this searing third degree, but not you. No sir, not you. Never before had you realised that you had so much in common with Dr. Cripren, Hirohito, Bluebeard, and Fiddling Nero.

Works both ways

BUT even if you ARE feeling like a wrung towel when you leave, you must at all costs remember to repeat by heart to your fiancee the words of the Primary Ritual, as laid down for these occasions:

"I LIKE Molly, darling. She's SUCH charming company . . ."

Because, while expecting her girl-friends to like you, she also expects you to like her girl-friends. It is all so complicated.

Better men than you or I have broken under the strain.

It is the rock on which many promising romances perish.

Take the case of my friend Joe. He was courting the prettiest girl in the town, and was almost on the road to the aisle when he met her best friend, a nurse.

At their first meeting, Joe, in frolicsome mood, made an awful pun about nightingales. The nurse gave him one long, hard look, and Joe's goose was cooked.

Nurse called Joe's girl aside, and in an urgent whisper said:

"If that boy-friend of yours is not the worst case of German measles I have ever seen, then I've never encountered one."

"But he doesn't look—"

"No," hissed the wounded nurse, "he's a Carrier. One of those people who are not affected by it, but go round giving the disease to everyone else."

Joe is still wondering why his fiancee began to avoid him literally like the plague. I feel sorry for Joe, but he should have known better.

Andrew, on the other hand, overdid it. He invited his sweetheart's best friend to dinner and a show, being conscientiously charming to her all the evening.

A full report of the proceedings, suitably adorned with feminine embellishments, was telephoned to his outraged fiancee by nine o'clock the following morning.

Andrew's telephone rang at 9.10. He was curtly informed that he couldn't be trusted out of his girl-friend's sight for five minutes, and summarily given the air.

It pays to advertise, but not too realistically.

I am, unfortunately, in a position to know what I'm talking about. My fiancee's best friend, a teacher in a kindergarten, is having dinner with us to-night. All the week I've been reading A. S. Neill and Mme Montessori so that I can say yes and no in the right places.

The day after to-morrow, we'll be at the beach with another important girl-friend, who happens to be a bacteriologist. I have about 24-hours to read up enough to take an apparently intelligent interest in the activities of streptococci.

It is a bit of a strain for a chap who never normally ventures beyond the Sporting Section, but sheer grim determination and perseverance should carry me through to the bitter end.

It is no good asking you to wish me luck. Most of you are women, anyhow.

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Make-up is natural, but hats are mad

Australian girl's impressions of latest beauty culture and fashion in America

In America now . . . make-up is natural, hats crazy, and dresses more feminine in line than formerly. These are some points noted by Miss Maisie McMahon, who has just returned from 15 months in the United States.

The Australian Women's Weekly sent Miss McMahon, who writes under the name of Carolyn Earle, to study the latest methods in America's leading beauty salons. Her studies covered beauty culture in all its phases, including make-up, diet, figure control, and general development of personality.

"Carolyn Earle" will shortly take charge of The Australian Women's Weekly beauty department.

By CAROLYN EARLE

RETURNED from 15 months in America, Miss Maisie McMahon has been studying, for The Australian Women's Weekly, the latest developments in beauty culture by the world's beauty experts.

BEAUTY courses or "charm schools" run by big cosmetic firms are an established feature of the life of America, where more attention is devoted to beauty than anywhere else in the world.

American women are probably the best groomed and best dressed, taken in the mass, though the ideal type—the tall, willowy, fine-featured model for the high fashion magazines—is rare.

In reality the average girl is short and rather stocky. But she has good teeth, is well turned out, and has been trained since childhood to take care of her appearance.

The majority of the customers for the beauty courses, which are given by several firms, are business girls on 40 or 50 dollars a week. While this sounds a good deal in Australian money—from £13 to £16—it is not very much in comparison with the cost of living in U.S.

It would equal, in actual value, a salary in Australia of about £4/10/-.

These girls will spend 200 dollars on a six weeks' beauty course, about a month's salary.

For the money they are given instruction in exercise and diet, make-up, hair-styling, grooming, and deportment. Those who stick to the rather severe regimen necessary usually find it worth while, though if a girl is fat and lacks the will-power to follow her diet instructions she does not, of course, get her money's worth.

Some of the courses include four hours' actual instruction a day.

The girl instructors are chosen first for their capability, and next for their appearance and personality. They have beautiful figures, and wear attractive uniforms. For physical culture they may wear briefs and bra tops. Some wear bandeaux on their hair.

In many firms an inspection of the instructors to see that every detail of appearance is perfect begins the day's work.

Before women are allowed to undertake any strenuous course they must have a medical check-up as an assurance that they will not be harmed by diet and exercise.

One interesting development is that now some doctors send their patients to beauty-culture firms for diet and exercise treatments.

Manufacturers of beauty products aim to attract women of all ages. There are even special lines for small girls—from four to 14! Not make-up, but bubble baths, hair shampoos, de-griming lotions for hands. These are made up in wrappers to appeal to the young—with nursery rhymes and pictures, for instance.

Cosmetics for teen - agers are a well-established selling line, and grandmothers aren't forgotten but are catered for with make-up and beauty aids designed for the older women.

In make-up I found that a natural appearance is now the goal.

A good deal of art may go into attaining this natural appearance, but the days of whimsy in make-up are, thank goodness, over.

The emphasis is on beauty through health. Eye make-up is used, but so artfully that it can hardly be detected. Eyebrows may be trimmed, but are not plucked into odd shapes. Rouge and lipstick are in clear, natural colors.

This happy change goes well with the increasing femininity of fashion.

Returning servicemen wanted their women to look feminine. The result has been a tendency to fluffier collars, bigger sleeves, and a slightly longer skirt.

The drop in skirt length is only an inch or so, but it is much more attractive than the just-tipping-the-knee skirt, which was general when I first went over.

Everyone is back in evening dress again, too. When I went to the States 15 months ago evening dress was simply never worn. The absence was even more noticeable than in Australia.

But the hats! In New York when I left they were wearing the maddest models. The skyscraper hats have taken on, after some opposition at first. John - Frederics, the well-known designer, was making tall bonnets massed with field flowers.

These eccentric styles don't suit all women, naturally, but the fashion models wear the most outlandish hats and look like heaven in them.

Many of the hats are crownless, to accommodate the upswept and fanciful hair styles. Some girls wear all their hair piled into little curls on top, and these curls peep over the top of a crownless hat.

I doubt very much whether the bob will return, as suggested recently in cables.

I think there will be strong opposition from American hairdressers. At present hair styles are sharply divided between simple shoulder-length bobs and really elaborate arrangements.

The elaborate styles include the upswept topknots, the bolster roll (a heavy curved roll worn low on the forehead), and the doughnut, a large roll of hair which may be their own or a switch, shaped like a doughnut.

These doughnuts are worn on the back, sometimes in pairs, on top, or even poised oddly at an angle in front.

Many girls use artificial rolls and doughnuts. Some business girls go to the hairdresser two and three times a week, the first time for a setting, the other times for combings, to keep an intricate style in place.

The page-boy bob is still worn a good deal, but very long, well down on the spine at the back.

Most women keep their hair fairly long, to the shoulders at least, in order to vary the way they wear it.

Awas return from overseas service

SAMURAI SWORD brought home from Lae by Signalwoman Jean Stafford (right) is admired by Sgt. M. Brett and Pte. N. Skate. They were among 164 Awas who returned in the Marella.

LAKATOI is souvenir of overseas service for Cpl. Norma Akers. The girls' complexions were yellowed by atebrin.

KNAPSACK full of souvenirs will remind Signalwoman Beryl Spencer of the nine months she and her comrades spent in the tropics.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724034

Editorial

MARCH 2, 1946

WOMEN AND PEACE

IN London, 17 women delegates and advisers to the United Nations Organisation recently called on the women of the world "to share in the work of peace reconstruction as they did in war."

In Sydney, women's organisations met to discuss ways in which they could use the energy directed by women to war work for the equally pressing tasks of peace.

The woman in the home, looking after her children, harassed by shopping, probably considers she should not be expected to take a large-scale interest in national or world affairs.

Nevertheless she should note that in a small way women like herself have already made their voices heard.

Sydney housewives succeeded the other day in getting the State Government to abolish zoning of bread and milk deliveries.

The truth is, men are intimidated by women in the mass. It is one thing for a man to be master in his own home; it is another for him to be confronted with numbers of determined women.

Women could make a good deal more use of that power.

The aspirations expressed by the women at UNO are rather vague. They haven't the reality of a close-to-home problem like zoning.

But when enough women turn their minds to the bigger issues, their simple and direct approach may achieve what not only they, but all men, want — a world fit for their children to live in.

NEW CHIEF OF STAFF to the Duke of Gloucester, Major-General Charles Miller, C.B., D.S.O. He formerly commanded the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force.

PRETTY DAUGHTER, Elspeth, who for three years during the war was chef and quartermaster with the Field Ambulance Nursing Yeomanry.

Lady-in-waiting and daughter both good cooks

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

The Duchess of Gloucester's new lady-in-waiting is a fairhaired, blue-eyed, outdoor type of Englishwoman.

She is the wife of Maj.-Gen. Charles Miller, C.B., D.S.O., who will succeed Brig. Schreiber as Chief of Staff to the Duke of Gloucester.

GENERAL MILLER, who had a brilliant career as a staff officer during the war, served with the 13th/18th Hussars, the regiment to which the Duke of Gloucester was attached for his early military training.

Mrs. Miller knew the Duchess of Gloucester when, as Lady Alice Scott, she spent much of her time riding over the rolling border country round the Duke of Buccleuch's estates.

But neither the General nor Mrs. Miller can claim to know the Duke and Duchess well, for soldiering has taken the General out of England, and most of their married life they have lived abroad.

The Millers have a charming daughter, 20-year-old Elspeth, who has inherited her mother's good looks and her father's slim, upright figure.

"I think our greatest asset will be Elspeth," General Miller said of his daughter. "She can really cook—you know, made a business of it."

Elspeth Miller has just resigned from the Field Ambulance Nursing Yeomanry (Fanys), which she joined when she was seventeen.

Always interested in cooking and catering, Elspeth did the full course, became a Fanya chef, and finally a quartermaster.

"I think it runs in our family," Elspeth said. "Mother is just as fond of cooking as I am."

Both mother and daughter had just stepped out of their kitchen when I arrived at their Mayfair flat.

Mrs. Miller's svelte figure, nicely manicured hands, and perfectly tailored tweeds gave no hint that she does all the housework and lends a hand in the kitchen.

Elspeth's shining fair hair, beautiful complexion, and well-cut skirt and blouse were hard to reconcile with the hours she had spent over steam boilers for the three years she served in the Fanys.

Elspeth wants to make cooking her career. She was studying at the Good Housekeeping Institute when her father's appointment came. She had, however, completed the course.

Elspeth will take to Australia her Fanys khaki uniform and beret with maroon badge, and Mrs. Miller her Red Cross uniform.

Nursed Australians

"I'M hoping to meet again the many Australian airmen I nursed at the eye hospital where our detachment was posted," Mrs. Miller said. "I'm getting all their names and addresses so that I can look them up. The hospital was at Banstead."

I then asked them what they were keenest to do in Australia and both Elspeth and her mother said in one breath, "Cook."

Elspeth said, "I had to learn to cook on rations and I've been managing rations ever since.

"It will be simply heavenly to have eggs and butter and plenty of ingredients. I'll be able to qualify for my Cordon Bleu before long."

Mrs. Miller loves an outdoor life. Riding and fishing she's particularly fond of, and keeping dogs.

She has a dog, "Mr. Squib," whom she must leave behind.

The General's dog is a beautiful yellow Labrador, "Ruby," who must also remain in England because of quarantine regulations in Australia.

Mrs. Miller was, before her marriage, Bridget, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Frank Douglas Pennant, Lord Penrhyn's heir.

She has a link with Australia through her stepmother, Betty Cooper, sister of the present Baronet, Sir Daniel Cooper, and a daughter of Sir William Cooper.

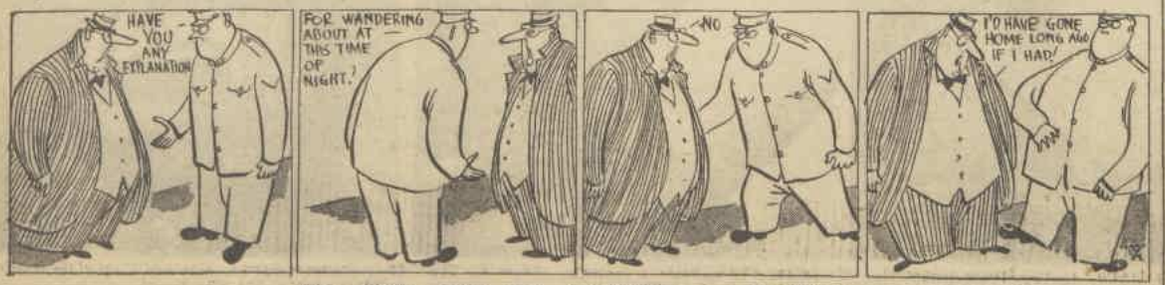
The first Baronet, Sir Daniel Cooper, was Speaker of the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly.

Gen. Miller has many Australian friends, as he saw a great deal of the Australian soldiers when in the Middle East. He has spent much of his life out East.

His qualifications were so outstanding as a young soldier that it did not surprise any of his friends when he was given command of the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force.

Mrs. Miller and baby Elspeth lived out in the desert with the General. "And we liked it," she said.

MRS. MILLER, who will be the Duchess of Gloucester's new lady-in-waiting, with her little dog "Mr. Squib," which she will have to leave in England.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

DON JUAN

. . . Spanish throne

SUCCESS of present plans for restoration of the monarchy will place on Spanish throne thirty-three-year-old Don Juan, in succession to his father, late ex-King Alfonso. Third son of a tragic Royal family, during years of exile Don Juan has actively worked for the return of the monarchy. Two of his brothers were killed in motor accidents. Remaining brother, delicate Don Jaime, renounced his claim to the throne. In 1935 Don Juan married Princess Marie Bourbon-Sicily. Has four children. Was educated in England, and served as cadet in Royal Navy.

MISS E. LARKE

. . . N.S.W. Junior Red Cross

ONE of most widely travelled Australian Red Cross wartime workers, Miss Elizabeth Larke, of Sydney, is newly appointed director of N.S.W. Junior Red Cross. Knowledge gained as A.R.C. officer in Middle East, England, Italy, and New Guinea of value of Red Cross as aid in international understanding is her main approach to her new job. Hopes for expansion of Junior Red Cross activities in development of good citizenship and international understanding.

MR. C. EATON

. . . Timor post

RECENTLY discharged from R.A.A.F., in which he held rank of group-captain, with distinguished war record, Mr. Charles Eaton, of Melbourne, has been appointed Australia's first consul to Portuguese Timor. Appointment of an airman to the post is significant in view of Timor's strategic position on main Australia-Britain air route. Formerly in operational and administrative control of 33 R.A.A.F. units.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724035

England expects . . . and Larkins goes aloft

Nelson statue sound, steeplejack reports

Radioed from BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

The great are always lonely. Perhaps that's why Lord Nelson, still solidly astride his pinnacle in Trafalgar Square, wears a look of sombre thoughtfulness.

To brighten his lone brooding the other day a face appeared round the edge of the dizzy platform on which he stood. Cockney-born Sid Larkins, steeplejack, hoisted his bulky 16 stone up the 184-foot column.

THEN he stood gingerly on its greasy sloping base and confronted his lordship with a cigarette in his mouth.

He might have said, "Hullo, guvnor! What have the Huns been doing to you?"

That's what England wanted to know.

German bombs shook Trafalgar Square in 1940, and experts examining Nelson through powerful glasses noticed the appearance of a "white belt" around his middle. They feared the statue might be slipping sideways.

So Sid Larkins lashed ladders to the column and climbed up to find out.

It was a worthy meeting. For there's a humble glory about the name Larkins. In the hazardous game of steeplejacking it is as honored as the name Nelson in the Royal Navy.

Forty-year-old Sid Larkins is third in a line of England's most famous steeplejacks. His grandfather Will Larkins was killed when he fell from a Dumbarton steeple.

Sid's father, Will Larkins II, nearly fell when he visited Nelson 27 years ago. He slipped on the soot-greasy pedestal top, fell on his back, braked desperately with his elbow as he slid down to the edge, and stopped with his feet hanging over the coping.

And his son Sid, still known as Will Larkins (the Third) in the trade, says, "I can't understand the horror of heights that some people have. Steeplejacks just can't figure it out."

Yet he admits to having been scared once. "When I was fixing a steeple damaged by lightning in Marlborough a second thunderstorm caught up with me," he said. "I saw lightning fork down to within a few yards of me.

"It didn't strike, but don't you believe that lightning never strikes twice in the same spot. I've seen several spires which have been hit more than once."

Steeplejack Larkins the Third pronounced Lord Nelson as "sound."

But scars bear witness to the admiral's historic 103-year-old vigil over the changing face and fortunes of London. During that time he has seen the soldiers of all wars and their girls feeding the pigeons that flutter and wheel about him.

In 1919 Larkins reinforced Nelson's foothold, filled up wind-eroded holes, bound his "fractured" arm with three metal bands. This decoration puzzles passers-by squinting skyward. Many think they are "stripes."

His admiral's hat was full of string and bits of stick carried there by pigeons.

Bluff Larkins the Third wears rubber boots for climbing. It has developed his thigh muscles so well that he can sit on his haunches for hours.

He pays the highest life-insurance rate of any profession, dons a gas-mask to ascend smoking factory chimneys which blister his hands and scorch his clothing.

The higher he climbs, the higher his pay rises. He lives well in a big red-brick home called Beaumont Hall, in charming Hertfordshire, spends his spare time fishing in the calm stream that flows through Roydon village.

Big Ben's face

SOME of his important jobs include scaling the flagstaff of the 412-foot Victoria Tower of the House of Lords. Sid Larkins has swung on a rope to wash the face of Big Ben with a mop and a pail of boiling water.

"Cold water's no good," he says. "London's soot deposit is very greasy.

"I do Big Ben about every six years. It's a nice job because there's no wind. Only trouble is, it strikes every quarter hour and the sound is deafening. I have to plug my ears with my fingers." How he hangs on while plugging his ears he didn't say.

Every year or so a short paragraph in Britain's papers reports the terrible death of a steeplejack. He might have slipped from a worn rope, on a lightly frosted girder, been frightened by a sudden noise reverberating up from the street, or by a startling squawk from a bird.

But Larkins' pretty wife watches him whizz away in his car from Beaumont Hall to tackle a giant chimney or climb up the face of a bomb-damaged steeple with the placid air of a woman watching her husband leaving for his city office.

She is Irish, but not superstitious. "I never give it a thought," she said, "and Sidney never talks about it when he's at home."

That may be the overhang of secrecy he learned at the age of seven when his father thrashed him for climbing up a chimney. But he's not secretive about his father.

"Now Dad really did have some narrow shaves," he said. "Once he had a struggle with a madman on top of a 150ft. chimney.

"The man had thrown down his tools and was poising inwards for a dive down inside to the furnace way below. Dad grabbed him by the legs and held on just as his head and shoulders disappeared into the shaft.

"Once he was only a little way through felling a factory chimney when it collapsed without warning. He just jumped away from under as the falling stack grazed his head. But clouds of dust hid him and the watching thousands screamed with horror."

Favorite target

WILL LARKINS II didn't tell his son about these escapes till much later. He didn't believe in stressing the risks attached to the job.

Colleges have called on the Larkins' through three generations to climb up and remove articles that daring students have placed on weathercocks and spires.

Most startling trick of this kind that Sidney Larkins can remember is that played by an Oxford student who scaled a church at night and hung a dozen bicycles on top of it.

"And I don't think I've ever found a weathercock without at least a couple of bullet holes through it," he said. "It's the favorite target for anybody with a gun."

After 25 years of holding on to life by a piece of rope, and seeing miraculous escapes, Sid Larkins scorns superstition as much as his wife, even after the coincidence that marked their meeting.

While working on a church in Ireland, his father met an Irish girl and married her when he'd finished the job. Years later Larkins III went to work on the same job, also became engaged, also brought his Irish bride back to England.

His father received a telegram telling him he'd become a father while he was working on the Holbeach church. Thirteen years ago the son was clambering about on the same spire when coincidence repeated itself. He got the same news.

That telegram he got thirteen years ago told him it was a daughter. And Sid regrets there's no boy so far to follow him.

"But—my daughter," he said firmly, "she's not going to be a steeplejill!"

LONDON LOOKS UP, holds its breath, as best-known steeplejack Sid Larkins climbs Nelson's Column. He found Nelson still standing solidly, with a bandaged arm and pigeons' nests in his hat.

NELSON'S COLUMN in Trafalgar Square. Statue at left is of Sir Charles Napier, soldier and statesman.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724036

WORTH Reporting

"THAT'S William Dargie," whispered a suburban matron to another when a tall, red - moustached A.I.F. uniformed officer boarded their St. Kilda-bound tram the other day.

"Who's William Dargie?" queried the other.

"Oh—you know, the artist who won the Dobell prize."

Naval faux pas

THERE is a story being told with some amusement in naval circles about two junior officers from H.M.A.S. Australia.

After a party in Adelaide they were being driven back to their ship at the Outer Harbor by their hostess.

They were considerably embarrassed at the thought of the petrol she was expending on the trip. Halfway along the road they spotted a naval staff car some distance ahead, and insisted that they should transfer to that. Their hostess increased speed to catch it up.

After about five minutes' chase, accompanied by a loud tooting of horns, they finally succeeded in slowing it down.

Only then did they see that the car's occupant was the captain of their ship.

We regret to say that the two lads ducked behind the seat, leaving their hostess to drive on as if she really hadn't wanted to stop the car at all.

* * *

AT a dinner party the other evening one of the guests, an earnest young man, was talking animatedly to the young woman who was sitting next to him.

The subject under discussion was a picture, "Maintenance of Identity," painted by the surrealist artist James Gleeson, who was also at the table.

Finally the young man turned to James Gleeson.

"I was just explaining what your picture meant," he said to the artist.

"Really," said James, "I wish you'd do the same for me one day, old man."

Bottle washers

WHEN the bottle department of the Red Cross Waste Department in Melbourne was closed down last week, it was revealed that more than two million bottles had been washed by the hard-working band of voluntary workers.

The clean bottles were sold to chemists and other buyers, and their sale realised £9000 for the Red Cross.

These five years of bottle washing are typical of the heroic "behind the scene" efforts of women war workers all over Australia.

"It was an incredibly smelly and filthy job. Often tarantulas and dead rats were included in parcels of bottles sent to the depot," reminisced one of the workers.

The bottle washing began in 1940 at the suggestion of a Melbourne chemist.

Three women made a stove from a kerosene-tin in a backyard, boiled water in a big jam tin, and washed the bottles over a gully-trap.

They wore huge ground-sheets and rubber gloves.

So profitable was their work that after 18 months it was found worthwhile to install troughs and a gas-heater.

Two years ago a cheque for £300 enabled them to buy a coke-heater and a large brass copper.

"Our best buy was beer bottles," said another worker. "We got a special price from marine dealers, and we didn't have to wash them.

"All kinds of bottles came in to the depot. We found that there are no fewer than 25 kinds of tomato-sauce bottles alone.

"But best of all we liked tiny bottles. We couldn't wash them, so we got off our ill-feeling by smashing them up so as to sell them as broken glass.

"White glass fetched £1 a ton, and colored glass 7/6 a ton."

Unseasonable Weather

It's exceedingly strange
How the seasons change,
My grandfather said.
And I thought, when I'm older
I'll know it's not colder
Or hotter or wetter,
But just that I'd better
Keep younger instead.
Now I frequently note
As I carry my coat
That the weather's less mild
That when I was a child,
That it's hotter or wetter;
It used to be better . . .
It's exceedingly strange
How the seasons change.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Tahitian ceremony

THE wife of the American Consul in Tahiti, Mrs. Dick de Lambert, has written to us about one of the picturesque native ceremonies which she and her husband recently attended.

Known as the Candle Ceremony, it is held on All Souls' Day, or as the French call it, Pete des Morts.

The ceremony took place at the Catholic cemetery about eight miles from Papeete in the night at about seven o'clock.

"Around the cemetery the fences had been freshly painted white," writes Mrs. de Lambert.

"On the top of the spikes of the fence were placed lighted white candles, which lit up the whole place. Candles were also put on the crosses and tombstones.

"Garlands of frangipanni covered the graves, and their perfume was almost overpowering.

"At one end of the cemetery there was a huge wooden cross outlined with lighted candles, and adorned also with flowers.

"Approaching the cemetery, which is on a hillside, the effect was that of many terraces sparkling with dancing lights.

"Soon the procession of men, women, and children, all dressed in white, led by a priest, wound up the hill singing hymns in Tahitian.

"When they finally arrived there was a long speech in Tahitian, and more singing, and then they all went singing down the other side of the hill.

"For this ceremony a special kind of white sand is brought from other islands to sprinkle on the graves, because the sand on the Tahitian islands is yellow."

* * *

ONE explanation of telephone service delays is that in the last six months—since VP day, in fact—Australians have been making 50% more phone calls. When asked for the reason for this increase, an Adelaide technician replied: "I suppose women have got more time to talk now."

Animal Antics

"Fresh!"

Commercialising F.I.D.O.

ARCATA, California, is one of the foggiest places in the world, and that's why it has been chosen by U.S. aviation authorities as a testing ground for F.I.D.O., more formally known as Fog Investigation Dispersal Operation.

F.I.D.O. was used extensively during the war on military airfields, and tests are being made to determine whether it can be developed cheaply for commercial use.

It is claimed that already tests have resulted in the lowering of F.I.D.O. operating costs to £60 a landing.

During a recent test an aircraft was able to use the airfield five minutes after F.I.D.O. burners had been ignited, although fog covered the airfield to a depth of 3000 feet.

Four other fog dispersal methods are yet to be tested in Arcata.

In England, where F.I.D.O. was first developed, its use for commercial flying has been reported as too expensive owing to the high cost of petrol.

Tests show that each landing would cost £437.

* * *

A NOTE from our London office describes how delegates to the UNO conference like to visit Hyde Park on Sunday to hear the soap-box orators.

Several from Mexico, Ethiopia, and China parked their cars near the park and wandered around listening to democracy as she is spoken.

East End Cinderellas

OUR London correspondent has cabled us the story of a 20th Century fairy godmother with the rather mundane name of Mrs. Annie Ohrly.

Her Cinderellas are five East End families to whom she has left the deeds of the five houses which they rented from her.

These families, the Clearys, the Glumarts, the Augusts, the Rudds, and the Calnans, have lived in their respective houses for most of their lives.

During the blitz the houses were damaged but they are the only five left standing in the street.

The families pay a rental of 18/1 a week and when they heard their good news they held a mass bonfire of their rent books.

No one in the five houses had ever seen Mrs. Ohrly, although she often wrote to them. When the blitz was on she wrote saying that she was praying constantly for their safety.

U.S. comment

ACCORDING to a cable from our New York office the general opinion among American girls on the subject of U.S. men married to English, Australian, and New Zealand girls now arriving in America by thousands is that they are sorry for the English, Australian, and New Zealand men.

Quoted Norma Fischel: "It's depriving Australian, English, and New Zealand men of wives, as well as the American girls of husbands.

"The Americans took all the best women from overseas. Just look at their pictures! They're beautiful.

"Every time they appear on newsreels everyone boos, and I'm one of those who boo."

Says Jean Carota: "Foreign brides are a challenge to us to make ourselves more attractive. We've got to wake up. I'm certainly sorry for the Australian men who lost all those lovely girls."

Jean Haight, redhead, commented: "I'm not mad but I just don't think it's right. Our men abroad get lonely and fly into marriage."

Miss Thelma Levine, we feel, hit the nail on the head when she remarked briefly:

"When you fall in love you get married—foreign girl or not."

"Well—I found water!"

New York Round-up

Cut down on salt and build up on sleep

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

If you aren't sleeping well you don't need to take anything. In fact, you have got to give something away.

DR. MICHAEL M. MILLER, writing in the Journal of the American Medical Association, says many severe cases of insomnia can be relieved merely by eliminating salt from the diet.

No sedatives or drugs need be used, he says. To patients who had been sleeping only an hour or two a night he brought relief within three weeks.

Day by day taut nerves grew more relaxed. Patients began to sleep eight hours a night, awoke refreshed.

To make certain his patients gave honest reactions he treated some of them with capsules containing salt, and some with the same-looking capsules, but containing no salt.

Patients were unaware of the difference, because the capsules dissolved only in the stomach, leaving no taste in the mouth.

Reactions proved definitely that elimination of salt is effective against insomnia.

Miller warns this does not mean you must throw away your salt cellars and rob the body of essential salts.

He suggests expert advice in each case. And points out it is unwise to restrict salt intake during the hot summer months.

* * *

THE husband of a New York woman got home a good crack at long range.

He sent her a personal phonograph record from an overseas Army station.

It began: "Hello, darling. This is the first time in two years that I've been able to talk to you without hearing you say, 'Oh, shut up.'"

* * *

EARLY ascetics who wore hair shirts as a form of penance may have been a bit ahead of their day.

A scientist who doesn't make jokes declares the hair shirt the most effective form of winter clothing devised by man.

He is Dr. Harwood Belding, of Harvard's famed Fatigue Laboratory. The laboratory is a testing place for airmen's protective clothing, which played a major part in winning the war.

Belding says modern winter clothing styles are about as inefficient as they could be. He points out the average male in the State of New England wears in winter 12 to 18 pounds of clothing outdoors.

That is more than Peary's men carried on their journey to the North Pole.

Hair-lined shirts and pants worn without underwear are the warmest garments so far devised by the Harvard Laboratory.

The hair is mohair—not horsehair, with which the ascetics tortured themselves. The hair shirts and pants outfit designed for airmen flying in frigid upper levels consisted of two layers of mohair pile, back to back, covered by a light cotton windbreak.

Wearing this, a man could lie still for two hours without discomfort in a temperature of minus 40 degrees.

* * *

LATEST quips from the New York Press on subjects of interest to women:

Notice in a women's physical culture department, "You know you're getting old when men look at you east and west instead of north and south."

Columnist notes headline in woman's paper saying, "Glamor girl advises women to shampoo their hair with beer." Columnist remarks, "Probably to get a bigger head."

* * *

A NEW home decoration possibility is opened up by a system making it possible to print photographs on walls, furniture, and other locations.

It is done through a method which during the last few years has been used in the manufacture of aeroplane parts—by producing on the surface of metal to be worked a photograph of the plans.

Glenn Martin Aero Company, who developed the process, announce it will be made available to the public.

* * *

AMERICA leads the world in packaging goods attractively.

You buy tomatoes wrapped in cellophane—four to a carton. Clothes return from the laundry in a shimmering container, and so it goes on.

But in the cheap kerb markets downtown it's different but not the less smart in its way.

A story going the rounds tells how a customer approached a push-cart peddler who had his wares wrapped in newspapers and asked the price of herrings.

"Big special on to-day," he replied. "Six cents."

Customer: "Why, down the street there's a man selling the same herrings for five cents."

Peddler: "I know, but my herrings are wrapped in later editions."

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INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Kathleen Price Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Turner, of Adelaide, and her fiance, Capt. John Richardson, King's Dragoon Guards, A.D.C., to the Governor of South Australia, Sir Willoughby Norrie. Miss Turner's father is a well-known ex-chairman of the Australian Red Cross.

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. Wing-Commander Barton Honey talks with his wife and mother, Mrs. Byron Beans, after morning ceremony of investiture by the Duke of Gloucester. Wing-Commander Honey received the D.F.C.

GIFT OF FLOWERS from Ro Cutler, V.C., to his fiancee, Lieut. Helen Morris, A.W.A.S., when she arrives in Melbourne to announce their engagement. Helen is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Morris, of 52 Fairfax Road, Bellevue Hill. Ro is son of Mrs. A. W. Cutler, of Manly, and the late Mr. Cutler.

Intimate Gettings

ENGAGED. Miss Joyce Logan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Logan, of Harbord, and Flight-Lieut. Neville McCahon, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. B. McCahon, of Drummoyne, who announce their engagement.

LOTS of attractive teen-agers at dance which Mrs. Hartley Ainslie gives for her schoolgirl daughter, Judith. The young people enjoy their dancing under the stars on the roof-top of King's Lynn, Elizabeth Bay.

Only regret Mrs. Ainslie has is that her husband, Captain Ainslie, R.N.R., superintendent of navigation in South-west Pacific, isn't home to enjoy the fun.

Can't help thinking it's a delightful gesture on Judith's part to ask all her guests to bring along a tin for "Food for Britain" Fund, and the result is a wonderful collection of fruit, cheese, meat, and jam.

Judith's younger sister Jocelyn helps to entertain the guests, most of whom are fellow pupils from Ascham and lads from Scots College. Fair sprinkling, too, of youthful R.N. officers.

• • •

TOAST to four prospective brides and bridegrooms-to-be given by Commander Peter Atkinson, R.N., at his buffet cocktail party held at Royal Navy Air Station, Bankstown. Couples who plan weddings shortly are attractive Nancy Tonkin, from Goondiwindi, Queensland, who will walk up aisle of St. Mark's, Darling Point, on February 28 with Lieut.-Commander Douglas Gilbert, secretary to Admiral R. H. Portal. Second couple to wed will be Peggy Buckle and Rex Morris, who have chosen St. Philip's, Church Hill, on March 21. Betty Girling and Ron Eaton will marry at St. Anne's, Strathfield, on March 27; and fourth couple are Norma Dent and Harold Herman, who will marry at Temple Emanuel on April 6.

• • •

MEET Gordon Crossing hobbling through foyer of Hotel Australia en route to King George V Hospital to see his wife and their first baby, Richard William. Gordon tells me that day news of baby's birth arrives at station home, Carinya, Quirindi, he had just injured his leg while working out in paddock. Injury or not, he hurriedly packs bag and catches train for Sydney. Doctor allows him to leave hotel only once a day, and that is to go to hospital. Mrs. Crossing was formerly Marion Shelley, of Manly.

• • •

AFTERNOON party for Joan Mullins, who marries Dr. Maurice Renshaw at St. Vincent's Church, Ashfield, on March 8. Hostess is Edith Swales, who, with Olive White and Josie Renshaw, will be bridesmaids. Dr. Renshaw is a resident doctor at Lewisham Hospital, and his fiancee is on the nursing staff there.

• • •

CAN'T help admiring the lovely pale blue sapphire ring which Margaret Love is wearing. Her engagement to Robert Mutton, of Bowral, has just been announced. Margaret is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Love, of Vaucluse, and her fiance is the son of the late Captain T. Mutton, Merchant Navy, and of Mrs. Anna Mutton, of Rose Bay.

AFTER CEREMONY. Lieut. Ian R. McKenzie, A.I.F., and his bride leaving St. James', King Street. Bridesmaid is Pamela Higgins, and best man Lieut. Lindsay Topson, A.I.F. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Keeling, of Mosman. Bridegroom son of Col. and Mrs. K. A. McKenzie, of Hawthorn, Victoria.

BRIDE-TO-BE. Miss Van Williams (centre) and her bridesmaids, Misses June (right) and Maureen Peters, who will attend her when she marries Mr. Norman Peters, on March 9, at the Church of St. Paul. Miss Williams is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Williams, of Coogee.

CLOUD OF CONFETTI flutters round Lieut. John Seer, R.N., and his bride as they leave St. Mark's. Bride was Third-Officer Patricia Hambrook, younger daughter of late Mr. M. B. Hambrook and of Mrs. Hambrook, of Heidelberg, Victoria. Lieut. Seer is officer in submarine Taurus.

DATE for my Diary: March 15, reunion of ex-personnel of 2/5th A.G.H. at State Ballroom, at 8 p.m. Party is being arranged by members of committee of Welfare Fund which worked for hospital during war. As admission will be by invitation card only, those who wish to attend must get in touch with the secretary, Miss Kath Wyndham, at 3 Wallis Avenue, Strathfield, before March 1. Guests are invited to bring one friend to the party.

• • •

MR. and MRS. A. W. McGREGOR, of Guildford, announce the engagement of Margaret Tully, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tully, of Doncaster, Victoria, to their son, A/B. Archibald R. McGregor, R.A.N. A/B. McGregor is in the destroyer H.M.A.S. Warramunga, in which he has served since it was commissioned some years ago. The youthful couple chose his birthday on which to announce the engagement.

Margaret, who was in the W.A.A.A.F. for two and a half years, is now back at Melbourne University continuing her work as a second-year student for Social Studies.

• • •

FLIGHT-LIEUT. A. A. TAYLOR, D.F.C., and Mrs. Taylor choose names Bruce Allen for their infant son christened at the Hunter Baillie Church, Annandale.

AT RECEPTION at Pickwick Club, Captain and Mrs. Andrew Vern Barnett cut their wedding cake. Bride was Margaret, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Cust, of Seaforth. Ceremony at St. Stephen's.

FILMS of the recent yacht race from Sydny to Hobart which Norman Hudson shows at his home at Pymble are so realistic that I almost feel I'd been on trip, too. Heaving of sky and water, however, convinces me it is much better that I did stay home. Captain John Illingworth, skipper of winning yacht, Rani, gives amusing commentary on the movie. Other guests include crew members Ken Vaughan, who is accompanied by his wife, Lieut. Bill Mews, and Geoff Colahan.

Joyce

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How to become a

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

in one Easy Lesson

SO YOU'RE JUST MARRIED! Of course, you haven't got your dream home — yet. And there are many other things you'd like which are just not there to buy — yet.

But Bob's already in a job, and there's his deferred pay, as well as the money you've saved out of wartime earnings— which is more than a little. So why shouldn't a girl have a wonderful time, and buy what she can when she can.

Just this, young lady. By splurging your money at the present time you do two things. You help to force up the prices of things that are available now (that is to say, the cost of living) and you delay the return to more normal conditions when the things you really need (including the dream home) will be available at their proper and not inflated prices.

In other words, *buy only what you MUST and save and save the rest — remembering that a more profitable place for your savings than the bank is in Commonwealth Savings Certificates or the forthcoming Security Loan.* Though the Loan officially opens on March 12 you can buy bonds for any amount from £10 upwards NOW, *and your interest begins immediately.* For these advance loan investments see your bank or stockbroker.

YOU CAN INVEST NOW IN THE

£70,000,000 SECURITY LOAN

OPENING . . . MARCH 12

The £70,000,000 Security Loan opens on March 12. The money raised will be used exclusively in meeting commitments arising directly out of the war, particularly the rehabilitation of Australian service men and women. If you have £10 or more saved already you can make an advance subscription to the Security Loan at once, and interest will be paid thereon from the day you make your investment through any Bank, Savings Bank or Stockbroker.

Interest is at the rate of 3¼% for the new 12-year term, or at 2% for the new 3-year term.

Buy Security Bonds now for cash from your savings, and buy more by instalments out of your income when the Loan is officially open.

Security Bonds are available in denominations of £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000.

***Be a Saver, Not a Spender—Help Keep Prices* DOWN**

Issued by the Commonwealth Loans and National Savings Organisation.

FSI. 17-145-16

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

PLANETARY radiations this week promise fortunate opportunities for those born under the signs Scorpio, Cancer, and Pisces. Many Arians, Taurians, Capricornians, and Leonians should benefit to a lesser degree.

All such people should plan wisely in their search for progress and gains.

Geminians, Virgoans and Sagittarians are advised to live cautiously and avoid new ventures or changes.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Feb. 26 (to 10 a.m.) fair, but Feb. 27, 28 and March 4 (near sunrise) poor. March 5 (to midday, and dusk to 11 p.m.) can prove unexpectedly pleasing.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Things improve somewhat now, but avoid rashness. Feb. 27 (dawn and after dusk) and 28 (sunrise to sunset) fair. March 4 (noon to dusk) helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly and avoid changes and arguments, especially on Feb. 26 (to noon), March 3 and 4. March 1 tricky.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23):

Feb. 26 to March 1 (early) poor. March 2 (early and late) and March 3 fair. March 4 (after 9 a.m.) excellent. March 5 deceptive.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Beware misjudgments, losses, and upsets now, especially on March 1 and 2. Feb. 27, 28 and March 4 (early) also poor.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Be cautious on Feb. 26 (early), March 3 and 4. Feb. 27 (dawn and mid-evening) and Feb. 28 fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Seek success, happiness and gains now. Best days Feb. 26 (forenoon), March 1 (9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and after dusk), and March 2.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Keep busy now. March 4 (after 9 a.m.) and March 5 (to 11 p.m.) excellent. Feb. 27, 28, and March 3 fair. March 1 and 2 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Feb. 26 (forenoon), March 3 (early and late), and March 5 (to 11 p.m.) quite good.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Seek minor gains on Feb. 27 (after dusk) and 28 (midday hours). March 4 (noon to dusk) also good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): March 1 (to 9 a.m. and near dusk) poor, but otherwise fair. March 2 (early and late), March 4 (noon to dusk), and March 5 (to 11 p.m.) quite good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Keep busy now. Feb. 27 (after dusk) and 28 (midday) fair. March 1 (afternoon) 2 and 3 good. March 4 (after 9 a.m.) excellent. March 5 (to 11 p.m.) good.

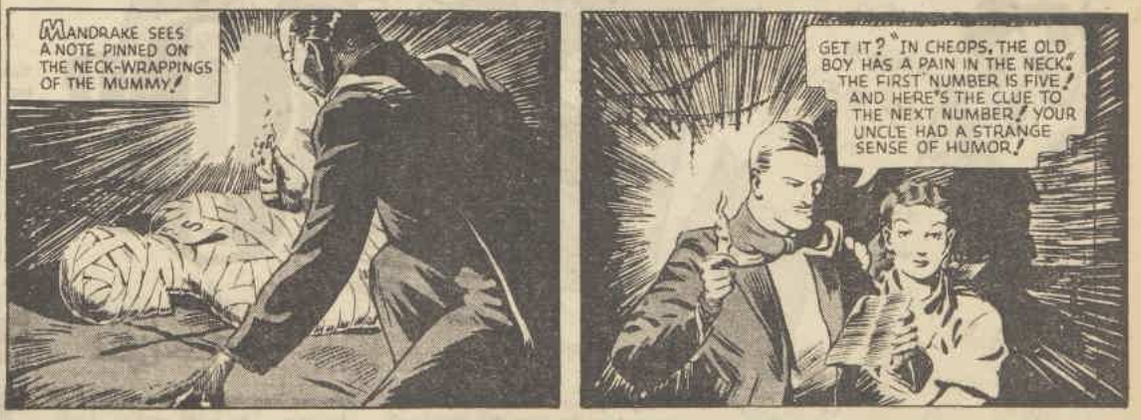
[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 29 to 40.
SUGAR: 18 and 30.
BUTTER: 28 to 30 (till March 10).
MEAT: Black, 64 to 70; red and green, 73 to 79 (till March 10).
CLOTHES: 71-80, 237-112.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, help
BETTY GRAY: Because her cousins scheme against her in a treasure hunt. They are
AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt,
KARL: Who is willing to follow Augusta, and
PETER: Who does not want Betty harmed. In his will their uncle tells them his fortune is locked in a vault. The combination numbers are hidden all over the world. First to find them all gets the fortune. Karl tries to drug Betty while he and Augusta go to Cheops pyramid, where first number is hidden. Mandrake scares Karl with Betty's figure image, then he and Betty hurry to Cheops to begin their search. NOW READ ON:



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More than Meets the Eye!

There's more in "Little Things" than meets the eye, these fascinating stories for children do much more than entertain, THEY INSTRUCT.

MOTHERS! TEACHERS!

"Little Things" are picture story books for 2-7 year olds, delightfully written and illustrated in full colour by Molly Clarke, a specialist in Child Education and Kindergarten methods of instruction.

"Little Things" will teach a child to spell and distinguish colour and objects as well as satisfy a child's imagination and love of story telling.

See the "Little Things" series of Infant Readers at your Booksellers to-day.

Full colour pages, Card covers

REDUCED ILLUSTRATION OF INSIDE PAGES AND COVER...

"Little Things" Story Books already Published and available NOW from your Bookseller.

Book 1 THE WOODEN HORSE
" 2 LITTLE RHYMES
" 3 WEE ONE
" 4 THE LOST RABBIT
" 5 THE TOY MONKEY
" 6 SQUIRREL
" 7 THE GREEN ELF
" 8 THE TWO PIGS

Now in preparation and available for distribution soon.

Book 9 THE TOY SOLDIER
" 10 THE GREEN ELEPHANT
" 11 THE LITTLE DONKEY
" 12 THE FOUR CATS
" 13 THE KIND CROCODILE
" 14 THE BABY BEAR
" 15 A PANDA
" 16 THE THREE MICE

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SPECIAL NOTE

The Publishers prefer you purchase "Little Things" from your nearest Bookseller. If for some reason that is not possible, then write:—

"Little Things", 24 Jamieson Street, SYDNEY

for further information.

During my stay in England, I was attracted by the merit and popularity of a series of children's books known as "Little Things".

It occurred to me that Australian children, their parents and teachers would welcome the opportunity of obtaining copies. However, I found on investigating that the rationing of paper, and the shortage of manpower in England, prevented the books from being printed for export to Australia.

When I left England in December last, English publishers generally estimated that at least one to two years must elapse before the publishing industry can overcome the many production problems created as a result of the war.

To overcome this difficulty, in association with the English publisher, I arranged to send out the books in advance and have them reprinted in Australia. This is the story of "Little Things" and I hope that perusal of the book by teachers and parents will confirm that "Little Things" fill a need in children's literature.

It is also proposed to introduce to Australia a series of books known as "Wheaton's Adventure Library" of which there are 72 titles. This series contain stories based on true life, courage and adventure. They are used extensively by schools throughout England and aim at satisfying the desire of boys and girls of a higher age group for stirring adventure reading.

"Wheaton's Adventure Library" will shortly be available at all Booksellers. Price 6d. per copy.

Sincerely yours,
(signed) W. A. GRANGER

Flying Officer W. A. Granger, D.F.C.

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What's on your mind?

Plea for use of simpler language

IN this brave new world which we hope we are building, could we not employ simpler language in our legal and governmental documents?

Anyone who can think clearly should be able to put his thoughts into understandable words, the shorter the better.

The unnecessary repetition of phrases makes a maze in which the average reader gropes for sense.

Let us have clearness of expression, and save time, paper, and temper.

£1 to Mrs. Ada McLaughlin, Bucklelon, Springsure, Qld.

Not good enough

LIKE Miss Stevens (26/1/'46), I cannot imagine pioneer brides waiting for proper furniture before being married, but we are no longer pioneers, and should not be expected to behave as they did.

However anxious a young couple might be to marry, it would be most disconcerting to possess only kerosene-box furniture, particularly when it is compared to that of their friends married just before the war.

Women of to-day are justified in insisting on streamlined furniture if it will eliminate the drudgery endured by their grandmothers in makeshift homes.

5/- to L. Ferguson, 5 Amelia St., Camberwell, Vic.

Hardly encouraging

A BIG percentage of girls who served in the Forces as nursing orderies and sick-bay attendants have done three or four years' service, and did first-year general nursing, anatomy and physiology.

Now that they wish to take up nursing in civilian life they have to do their first-year training over again.

Is this the way to encourage girls to become urgently needed nurses?

5/- to M. Wynd, Mount Royal Hospital, Royal Park, Melbourne.

Shower in laundry

HOUSEWIVES would save much annoyance if showers were built in a recess in the laundry instead of indoors in the bathroom.

After surfing or gardening, mem-

bers of the family could take a shower in the laundry. They would thus avoid carrying sand through the house, and the continual need for mopping the bathroom floor.

5/- to Mrs. M. Wilson, 14 Wykham Flats, Bayswater Rd., Sydney.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 3. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Schools could help

AUSTRALIAN schools could do an excellent job to help the food position in Britain.

Teachers and Parents and Citizens' Associations could contact schools in Britain and obtain adoption lists of British families and teachers.

The Australian schools could then be invited to furnish hampers.

The Government should facilitate the purchase of the goods without coupons and arrange for free freight.

The personal touch means far more to the average citizen than a general appeal to help a nation.

5/- to John O'Brien, 15 McPherson St., Waverley, N.S.W.

One factory to each town

AT least one factory should be built in every country town, if necessary by the Government. This would allow men being discharged from the Services to get jobs in their home towns.

5/- to Mrs. V. Maidens, The Gap, via Wallangra, N.S.W.

Always to-morrow

WE women know that men do not like to come home at night and find us worn and irritable with housework. Yet we continue in our determination to get everything done to schedule.

Surely this is a selfish attitude. We only make men uncomfortable if we make a fetish of housework.

The house may be spotless, the meals on time, but if the wife is

tired and jaded there is no peace or happiness in the family.

It would be much better to let some jobs slide for once. After all, there is always to-morrow.

5/- to M. Bryce, 55 Montague St., Hobart.

Canadian girl grateful to Australia

HOW does one say "Thank you" to every Mr. and Mrs. Australia? Leaving one's country for the unknown is hard, and I'd like Australians to know how much easier their efficiency and kindness made it.

I am a Canadian—or was. Following the wire giving me my embarkation notice came full instruction. Railway tickets, berth, meals on train, hotel accommodation—everything was seen to. On board ship my accommodation was first class. My whole trip from Calgary, Canada, to Sale, Victoria, was paid for by the Australian Government.

Then when I arrived here I found things nicer than I dared hope.

Thank you, Aussie, from my husband, myself, and our relatives.

5/- to Mrs. C. J. Pridgeon, 88 Barkly St., Sale, Vic.

Huge armies outmoded

IN suggesting that Australia can only avoid invasion by absorbing half a million war orphans, Gunner Bell (2/2/'46) forgets that new scientific discoveries will render a huge population unnecessary.

The atom bomb, for instance, will mean that there may be no need in future to have such large armies.

Also, I doubt if Australia could absorb half a million children under present conditions.

5/- to Mr. D. Lumby, 7 Eastwood Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Continuing . . . Brief Heaven

from page 3

THE ring of the telephone bell broke into their argument. "It's the station about our grain," said David, back to farming. "Let Bobby answer it, he's home from school."

He went to the stairs. "Hey, Bobby!" he called down. "Answer the phone, and take the message!"

"I can't!" Bobby called up.

"Why can't you?"

"I'm drinking my milk!"

"Well, stop drinking your milk!" David commanded raucously. He turned to Claudia with an air of depositing the whole responsibility of Bobby in her lap. "The young gentleman's drinking his milk," he repeated with an outraged snort. "Can you beat that? What are you doing with that cane?"

"Throwing it out, it's full of bumps."

He lost his voice with fury. "It's a shillelagh," he bleated. "Put it back where you found it!"

Bobby's head appeared above the attic ladder. "Are you fighting?" he asked with interest.

"Your mother's turning into one of those frustrated females with a cleaning - up complex!" David shouted. "What about the grain, has it come?"

Bobby looked blank. "I don't know," he said.

David glared at him. "A big boy like you—can't you take a message straight? What did the station people say?"

Bobby continued to look blank.

"Perhaps," Claudia suggested frigidly, "it wasn't the station."

"Who was on the telephone?" David inquired belatedly.

"Someone for Mother."

"Who?" asked Claudia. "Why didn't you say so?"

"I am," said Bobby.

"What's her name?"

"It's a man," said Bobby.

"A man? What's his name?"

Bobby thought for a moment. "Gold," he brought out at last.

"Gold? I don't know a Gold," said Claudia.

David's left brow buttoned up his eye. "Think again," he commanded. "Wasn't there any more to it than Gold?"

Bobby thought there was another part to it, but he hadn't bothered with it. David's eyebrow climbed his forehead.

"You're bats!" Claudia expostulated. "It couldn't be!"

But it was, and she knew it was, the minute she heard his voice, even though he didn't indulge in any of the customary formalities of greeting. When she said "Hullo," he didn't even say, "This is Sam Goldheart," he simply answered with a roar of fury: "Why in the name of all that's holy do you let a kid answer the telephone? It's a waste of a man's time!"

"I know it is. We never do, but we were in the attic," Claudia admitted meekly.

"Well, don't do it again," he bellowed. "I don't like to waste money on telephone calls. Against my principles. How's the weather up there?"

"Nice," said Claudia.

"Good. Got any petrol?"

"Not much," said Claudia.

"It's enough. Jump in your car. You've got a car, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Claudia, "but I don't jump in it."

"Look here, young woman, I've spent enough money on this call. I'll be waiting for you at my office at half-past five. Good-bye, dear."

She was still staring at the telephone when David came in from where he had been listening on the extension. He removed the receiver from her nerveless fingers and placed it back on its cradle.

"He sounds bats, too," he commented.

"He is," said Claudia. "He could almost be a blood relation. What on earth do you think he wanted?"

"You'll find out," said David, "when you get there."

She searched his face to see whether he was in earnest. "You don't for one minute think you're not going, do you?" he asked.

What should she do? Protest, in too vehement denial, that, of course, she wasn't going, when all the time she knew in her heart that she was already in Mr. Goldheart's office?

David knew it, too. They talked about it, driving to the station to catch the express. "You want to go more than anything you've ever wanted," he said.

"Not more than anything!" she refuted hotly. "What about you and the children?"

"Well, perhaps not more than anything," he tempered his assertion, "but pretty much."

"How do you know?" she murmured, a little sheepishly.

"The newspaper, for one thing," he said, swinging out from the path of a swerving lorry. "You idiot!"

"Who, me?"

"That lunatic lorry-driver."

"Perhaps he was in a hurry. What did you mean, the newspaper-for-one-thing——"

"You couldn't wait until I got out of the house every morning, to read if there was something about the play."

She was more astonished than outraged. "But I always folded it back into every fold. How could you tell?"

"I could tell," he said.

They drove in silence. "I still don't see why you have to go to London," Bobby remarked gloomily.

"I'll be home to-night," she promised him.

"What train?" he insisted anxiously.

"Never mind what train," David put in. "Your mother doesn't have to ask your permission every time she goes out."

"I'll catch the seven-ten," Claudia said.

She wished, for his sake, that Bobby had Matthew's sublime engrossment in self. Matthew had been completely indifferent to her going. He hadn't even wanted to come down to the station with them. "I'm milking the cows with Edward," he'd announced with importance.

"You chump," Bobby had interpolated, with contempt. "Mother's going away."

"So you could at least kiss me," Claudia had mildly suggested.

He extended an obliging cheek. "Bring me a pony," he'd remembered to add with an external optimism.

"Would you like," Claudia asked Bobby, as they waited on the platform while David bought her ticket, "me to bring you a pony, too?"

He grinned reluctantly. "A boy at school has one," he admitted. He kicked a stone. "Every minute you have to go to London," he reverted rebelliously.

"Now, Bobby, that's gross exaggeration," she protested. "The only time I've been to town in a year is when I had my tooth out last week."

"And that, young feller my lad," said David, as he joined them, "was the beginning of our troubles. The very next day mother began to tidy up. First the cellar, then the attic. If we don't let her get this out of her system, we'll live to regret it."

"I'll say," Bobby fervently agreed, on general principles.

Claudia breathed a sigh of relief. In a little while David and Bobby would be as thick as thieves. She sought to cement the tie by allying herself against them. "Your father should have been a psychologist," she remarked coldly. "He thinks he knows women. This is a first-class ticket," she broke off, looking at the ticket he had given her. "What rank extravagance!"

"I got it cheap. The station master had an old one left over from last year," David explained. "Here comes the train——"

He kissed her. She kissed Bobby. And then went back and kissed David again. "Darling, I hate to leave you like this, but everything's ready on the oven for supper. Leave the plates—I'll do them when I get home to-night—"

She thought afterwards of having so glibly said, "When I get home to-night." If anyone had told her at that moment how long it would be before she came home, she would have said that such things didn't happen to normal people. Indeed, from the moment she found herself in Sam Goldheart's office, normality completely ceased to exist.

"When I put my hand up like this, see, you're supposed to stop."

GOLDHEART was reading a letter when Claudia came into the room.

"So you came," he said, with his voice rubbing its hands.

"I didn't want to, my husband insisted."

"So you've got a husband. That's not so good."

"I think it's very good," said Claudia.

"What's he do?"

"He's an architect."

"Make a living at it?"

She repressed the impulse to remind him that he was infringing upon their personal problems, but as he was quite an old man, perhaps he only meant to be fatherly. She gave him the benefit of the doubt.

"David had to close his office while he joined up," she admitted. "He was one of the first of the construction engineers in the South Pacific. He was wounded."

"Hero, h'm?"

"According to me he is," said Claudia simply, "but not according to him. It hurt him to be doing nothing. I mean, he thinks he's doing nothing," she corrected herself swiftly, "only he is. There's not much doing for him at the moment, but he puts in twelve hours a day farming."

Mr. Goldheart beetled his brows in such a way as to make David pale into an amateur. "What's he doing raising the roof with his masculinity because you want to contribute to the family exchequer?" he shot at her. "I'll settle that." He grabbed the phone. Claudia reached to stop him, but he warded her off.

"Hi, Percy!" he shouted. "Ring that Eastbrook number again!" He banged the receiver, and, rising abruptly, opened a blind door in the wall behind his desk and vanished.

"This is one of those nice, silly dreams," Claudia told herself, "so you might as well enjoy it." David had once said it was impossible to dream colors, therefore she must remember to tell him that the leather chair on which she was sitting was distinctly red. She turned to check her memory of Mr. Goldheart as he reappeared. "And your tie is distinctly blue," she murmured.

Mr. Goldheart seemed a little unprepared for the remark. He eyed her thoughtfully. "The trouble with Sally Evans," he said, "she wasn't crazy enough to play Cornelia."

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WRITING HOME their last letters before the Monterey sailed for America, Mrs. R. Morse, Mrs. R. McArthur Tracy, and Mrs. F. McCaslin.

WASH BEFORE LUNCH for Mrs. Wayne Howley and her baby. The ship was specially fitted to suit her role as a baby-carrier.

High chairs and baby food on "nursery" ship

RED CROSS Field Director Mr. A. R. Lemke carries a baby off the train for its young mother, who comes from Perth.

Big preparations in Monterey for mothers and children

For the 275 babies and children who travelled with their mothers to America in the bride-ship Monterey 725 high chairs were provided—approximately three to every child to allow for breakages.

A high-ranking ship's officer, who insisted on remaining anonymous, suggested that the Monterey be equipped with 65,000 disposable diapers for the voyage.

A FATHER himself, he has heard American mothers praise the saving in work effected by these disposable diapers, and also thinks that a ship is more shipshape without lines of napkins strung along the decks.

These additions to the ship's stores were flown from the east coast to San Francisco in two Army planes, reaching the vessel a few minutes before she sailed on the outward voyage.

They are being distributed free to mothers on the voyage to America.

Babies and young children who left on the Monterey numbered 275, including five pairs of twins, two from New Zealand and three from Australia.

From the 811 Australian and New Zealand brides and babies due to sail only one did not arrive, and the Monterey left with its full lifeboat capacity.

Its normal troop capacity during the war was 4300, but extensive alterations were made during its month's stay in San Francisco harbor to fit it as a baby-carrying vessel.

Buffet tables in the cafeteria, which had been waist high for the use of troops, were sawn down for dining-tables. Some were sawn just a few inches from the ground for toddlers. High chairs were decorated with flower motifs and nursery-rhyme figures.

The cabin-class smoking lounge was converted into a nursery, library, and beauty parlor by the Red Cross, with swings, sandpits, and rocking horses for the bigger children.

"We tried the nursery out as an experiment for an hour a day on the trip from San Francisco, and it proved a great success with Canadian mothers and babies," said Captain R. F. Walthew, Assistant Transport Officer to Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. McGuinness.

Four Red Cross workers are supervising the nursery, which is operated entirely by mothers, many of whom are taking it in turns to look after one another's babies.

More than 2000 gallons of milk, which will be kept in refrigerators, was taken on board for use of babies and mothers on the trip. Special tins of baby food, including tinned prunes, peaches, and rhubarb, were also included, each tin being sufficient for one meal.

Lounge and smoking room furniture, stored when the Monterey was converted into a troop-carrier, was brought out for the trip.

Many of the smoking rooms had been used to berth troops, and pencilled messages, names, addresses, and rank still adorn the ceilings where the men had written them from their bunks.

Before the Monterey sailed, V.A.s assisted mothers aboard, helped them with babies, and solved any difficulties or worries they might have.

One Croydon bride, who came aboard the day before the ship sailed, was almost in tears when she discovered she had left her best frock, specially chosen to take to her new home in Connecticut, in her wardrobe at home.

As none of the girls was allowed ashore once they had embarked, she did not know what to do until V.A. Jean Whittingham came to her help and put a call through to the girl's home from the wharf.

The frock was brought in by the girl's sister before the ship sailed.

For three days before the ship sailed, mothers were busy comparing notes with new arrivals, greeting cabin-mates, and discussing their various offspring.

Among Sydney mothers who left on the Monterey was Sylvia Davis, well-known artist, now Mrs. Patricelli, who travelled with her young daughter Susan, 22 months.

Mrs. Patricelli held a one-man exhibition in Sydney in 1941, which was opened by Lady Gowrie. Her husband is arranging to exhibit 40 of her island paintings (done at Guadalcanal before the war) at shows in New York and Connecticut.

"I hope to make my home in Connecticut, West Granby, where I believe all our neighbors are artists and writers," she said.

By courtesy of the Red Cross, brides and mothers on the trip will be given a supply of cigarettes free, but up to ten packets at a time can be bought on the trip for 4d. a packet.

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DAY AT THE ZOO . . .

Shy mothers and babies pose for the cameraman

EXTRA GUM-LEAVES coaxed this mother koala and her little girl, just out of the pouch, to pose. Usually shy, they seem to enjoy the limelight.

DIGNIFIED and inquisitive, but at the same time dubious of strangers, this Barbarg sheep mother protects her little one — just a few days old.

Photographs by staff photographer Bill Brindle.

WEE MOUNTAIN GOAT was only four days old when caught peeping timidly from its craggy home. Mother guards it nervously.

EMMY, THE BABY EMU, and Josie, the kangaroo, are bribed with lettuce leaves by Miss Marjorie Toynton to pose for their photographs. Both were gifts to the Zoo.

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Brief Heaven

Continued from page 17

CLAUDIA'S heart missed a beat. Cornelia! This was exactly what David had prophesied. He had even bet her a bob that Mr. Goldheart would offer her fifty pounds to do the part. It was too bad that the ring of the telephone interrupted the smooth flow of events. She regarded Mr. Goldheart from a floating cloud as he held the receiver to his ear.

"David," he bellowed. "Is that you?"

Presumably David said that it was—and presumably Mr. Goldhart liked David's voice, for as far as Claudia could gather from the one-sided conversation they might have been lifelong friends. They talked about cigars and crops, and it was quite a few minutes before Mr. Goldheart came to the point.

"Look, old man," he said, "I don't want to smash up your domestic life, but what's the matter with letting your wife go into this show I'm putting on? I don't know a thing about her acting, but the author and director seem to think she's the type, and she might turn into a great star, for all I know——" Mr. Goldheart listened for a moment with the look of surprise of having pushed hard against nothing. He turned from the phone. "David says you can," he reported.

The dream seemed to be getting out of control. She leaned forward nervously. "Ask him who's going to take care of the children," she said.

"Who's going to take care of the children?" Mr. Goldheart repeated obediently. He listened again for a moment, and then turned back to her. "David says you could get Bertha."

It was ridiculous! Bertha couldn't drop everything at a minute's notice! "Let me talk to him a minute," Claudia said anxiously.

Mr. Goldheart held her at arm's length. "Good-bye, old boy," he said hastily. "You sound as if you've a lot of common sense." He hung up, and squared round to her, and his voice seemed abruptly stripped of all its friendliness and warmth.

"I suppose you know what the part pays," he said.

Claudia was fascinated by the change in him. In another moment he would probably turn from a charming old man into a devouring monster, and David would shake her and tell her she was crying in her sleep. She might just as well, she decided firmly, finish up the dream to her own satisfaction.

"I couldn't possibly accept the part of Cornelia for less than two hundred," she said formally.

Mr. Goldheart made a gasping noise and sank back into his chair, clawing the air.

"Get out of here!" he roared. "Who do you think you are——"

Claudia lost no time in gaining the door.

"Come back!" he commanded, as her hand turned the knob.

His face was so purple with rage that she was afraid he was going into a convulsion. She felt sorry for him all at once. "You don't have to pay it," she assured him gently, "because, you see, I really don't want to leave my husband and children to go on the stage."

His face puckered up, and all the roar went out of it. "I'm an old man," he whimpered, "and you're taking advantage of me——" He picked up the telephone. "Percy! Wait a minute, Percy—What's your name, dear?"

"Mine?" asked Claudia, taken aback by his tenderness.

"Your maiden name, dear, before you were married."

"Brown," said Claudia. "Claudia Brown."

Mr. Goldheart tasted the sound of it before he nodded approbation. "Percy, give Miss Brown a script on her way out. She's going to play Cornelia——"

"This is the longest dream," thought Claudia impatiently, "I've ever dreamt."

The dream began to assume the full flavor of a nightmare when she reached the station and found that she had missed her train. It was the last train that stopped at Eastbrook.

She waited for a telephone-box, and then when she finally got in the box was steamy. But she only knew that she must hold on until David's voice pulled her back to shore against the buffeting waves of unreality that seemed to be carrying her further and further adrift. But David's voice, when she finally heard it, didn't pull her in; on the contrary, and according to the best formula of nightmare, it gave her a great push that sent her careering off into space.

He said, "I got hold of Bertha. She's catching the first train here in the morning. I told her to be at Julia's at half-past seven tonight, in case you wanted to give her any instructions. You'd better hurry, it's seven-thirty now—I'll ring you later——"

Julia and Hartley were having a dinner party when Claudia arrived. "Julia will bless me," thought Claudia, as her taxi edged up to the kerb, and she decided to go in the service entrance, and unobtrusively wend her way up the back stairs. Lucy would aid and abet her, and perhaps smuggle her a sandwich later on.

Lucy, however, would not hear of her using the back-stairs. She said that Mrs. Naughton was expecting her, and Bertha was already waiting up in the bedroom. "Then David's phoned Julia, too," Claudia concluded. "He's certainly been a busybody."

Julia's words, as she greeted Claudia at the threshold of the drawing-room, left little doubt as to the trail that David had blazed.

"It's the most exciting thing that's ever happened!" she exclaimed, and everybody else crowded to the door, and said the same thing.

"Have a cocktail!" Hartley beamed, thrusting one into her hand. "Come on, everybody, drink a toast to London's rising star!"

After that, Claudia stopped caring where she was, and who she was, and why she was.

If all these people wanted to think it was wonderful, that was all right with her. If Julia insisted upon turning over the third floor to her, that was all right, too, since there was room for David and the children also. If Bertha, who later folded back the pink velvet spread and helped her into bed, assured her that she could manage everything at the farm just as if she'd never left it, Claudia had implicit confidence that she was speaking the truth.

Long after Bertha had gone, Claudia lay bathed in the heavenly warmth and safety that had seemed to emanate from Bertha's capacious bosom, until a subdued tinkle came from the telephone on the bedside table. Claudia lifted the receiver, and David's voice came to her from a great distance, as if, suddenly, it were he who had become the dream.

Jerry Seymour was waiting for her at Mr. Goldheart's office the next morning. "Thank goodness I've got you," he welcomed her in a fervent rush of words. "You've saved my life. I don't know why I was forced to ruin my play with that little tramp for five days, and I swear if that old ham tries to teach you any of his tricks I'm going to murder him, just naurder him!" He linked his arm in hers. "Come along, we'll be late for rehearsal."

They scurried away, in and out of traffic and jostling crowds, to a theatre that housed a play that Claudia had seen two years before. The realisation jolted her. Being an actress was a little like being a wife. You had to stay with what you were doing, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health—until the play died. "Suppose," she thought in fleeting panic, "that I can't be with David and the children for two whole years——"

It was the last time she thought of David and the children all that day. From the moment she entered the dark, empty theatre, the outside world ceased to exist. Her eyes focused on the stage, which was bare, except for a wooden bench, a table, and some kitchen chairs. A half dozen people stood about with little books in their hands. The men wore no coats, and one of the women had her hair rolled in curlers. She turned out to be Annabel Page, the star of the play.

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"THESE Civilians!"

By NORBERT DAVIS

IT was six o'clock in the morning, and Staff - Sergeant Eben Arthur was sitting on a bench in Palisades Park in Santa Monica, California, watching the sun wipe the mist out of its eye and get ready for another day's work.

Sergeant Arthur was small and neat and blond, and he was feeling fairly well until a civilian came along and stopped on the path in front of him and looked him over in a calculating way.

Arthur kept right on staring at the Pacific and the sun. The civilian produced a candid camera and snapped a picture of him head on.

A week ago this would have startled Arthur, but in the seven days he had been back in the United States he had grown somewhat accustomed to the odd and unpredictable mannerisms of civilians. He knew that if you maintained an air of cool, calm indifference you could usually keep them in their place.

This one was a female civilian. She was slim and, even in medium high heels, a little shorter than Arthur. She had long, very shiny black hair and a turned-up nose, and her lipstick was on a little crooked. Arthur thought she was probably a couple of years younger than he was, although it was hard for him to judge the age of civilians, especially the females. She had put her camera away now and walked up to his bench.

"Are you lonesome?" she asked.

"No," said Arthur.

"Why are you sitting alone here at this hour of the morning?"

"Waiting," said Arthur reluctantly. He knew it was bad policy to answer civilians' questions. Given the slightest opening, they came boring right in.

"Waiting for what?" said this one.

Arthur jerked his head to indicate the neat white dining-car across Ocean Avenue. "For Bill the Burgermaster's to open up."

"Are you going to eat there—all alone?"

"Yes," said Arthur. He realised that it would be useless to explain that Bill the Burgermaster's was a haven of refuge for returned men. Bill the Burgermaster had been an Army mess sergeant for eighteen years. He cooked the kind of food soldiers were used to, and he could explain to them the outrageously outlandish customs and traditions of civilian life. In addition, and this was very important to Arthur, he could play chess, Air Force style.

The female civilian sat down on the bench. "Have a cigarette?" she asked, extending a crumpled packet.

Arthur hesitated. He had heard that when a civilian offered you anything for nothing, there was always a catch.

"Go ahead," this one urged. "I've got another packet."

Arthur took the cigarette, and, under the pretence of tapping it on his thumbnail, examined it carefully. It looked all right. He took out his windproof lighter and held it toward the cigarette.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I've never seen one like that! May I——"

Arthur put the lighter back in his pocket instantly. The civilian stared at him in a bewildered way for a moment, then took a pad of paper and a pencil from her jacket pocket.

"What's your name?"

"Arthur, Eben, Staff-Sergeant."

"Air Force, aren't you? What was your job?"

"Tail gunner."

"Oh, that's very dangerous!"

"Was it?" said Arthur.

The civilian sighed. "What would you like more than anything else in the world?"

"I'm doing all right," Arthur said warily.

"No, but if you could have one wish, what would you wish for right now?"

"A cup of Bill the Burgermaster's coffee, I guess."

The civilian sighed again, very drearily. "Okay. Here's my card. Read 'The Sentinel' this afternoon." She got up and walked away.

Arthur examined the card. It said: "'The Sentinel.' Darcy Smith—Features." It didn't make sense. It was obviously just some more incomprehensible civilian nonsense. Arthur tore the card in two and flipped it at the trash-basket.

Staff-Sergeant Eben Arthur had a pretty good day. He and Bill the Burgermaster managed to work in two quick chess games before the civilian rabble started hooting and gabbling for its evening meal. Arthur went back to the park to wait until the evening rush was over. The sun was setting, and it was warm and quite pleasant there until the same civilian female showed up again.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly. "I hoped I'd find you here! Did you see it?"

"No," said Arthur coldly.

But she ignored the tone of his voice. She plopped down on the bench beside him and opened up one of those strange outsize civilian newspapers.

"Right there! Look!"

She was pointing to a picture. Arthur looked once and then twice. It was his picture. Evidently it was the one she had snapped that morning. It was not very clear or clean-cut, and it made him look pretty wan, worn, and peaked, but it was a fair enough job for a civilian photographer.

"Well, read it," the civilian urged. "Read the article that goes with it! There!"

Arthur followed her finger.

"Hello, folks. This morning bright and early your girl reporter was walking through Palisades Park all alone, and feeling pretty blue, too, confidentially, when she saw a little old soldier sitting by himself, huddled pathetically against the cold wind and staring out forlornly across the wide, wide ocean.

"Now, folks, you know how shy your girl reporter is, but she couldn't resist the just plain old misery in this soldier boy's blue eyes. So she approached him diffidently. Soldier boys are so eager to talk if you will just give them a chance. You won't think I was too forward, will you, folks?

"This soldier boy, it turned out, was Captain Arthur Eben, fighter pilot, back from years of blood-drenched combat——"

"Here!" said Arthur. "Hey! My name is Eben Arthur, and I'm a staff-sergeant in——"

"Read more!" the civilian female ordered. "Right here!"

". . . and, trying in our well-meaning way to ease the unconcealed, wondering pain in his innocent young eyes, your own girl reporter asked him what was his most deeply concealed, his most precious wish. He was reluctant to reveal the depths of his boyish heart, and he dug an awkward toe in the ground——"

"What?" said Arthur. "I certainly didn't——"

"Stop gurgling!" the civilian female said sharply. "Read the rest of it!"

". . . 'On the gore-soaked, nightmare battlefields of Europe, all I could think of was home, home, home—a small, neat, modern, prefabricated home with all the trimmings and—and yes, even a small swimming pool——'"

"Say!" said Arthur. "Now wait! I never said anything like that!"

"Well, you should have," said the civilian female. "Read right here."

". . . and of course all our soldier boys have their 'girl friends,' as we know very well, but your girl reporter had to urge and urge before she could overcome the instinctive gentlemanly reticence of Lieutenant Eben. But finally he broke down. In his inimitable drawl, he said: 'Waal, Ah'm not be-spoken, but if Ah was, it'd sure enough be Pepper Petersen. She's the Real Ideal American Woman——'"

"What?" Arthur said dazedly. "Pepper . . . Who is this party?"

"Oh, you must have heard of her. She's a starlet who's just been voted the 'Girl We'd Like to B-in-a-29 with' by the Hollywood U.S.O. Junior Commandos. We're following this right up for a feature spread tomorrow."

"What?" said Arthur.

"Look," said the female civilian slowly and clearly. "Try to get it through your head. We pretend I ran across you weeping and wailing. So, on account of my goody-goody complex, I ask you why. Right away, you say you are longing for a modern prefabricated house (we run a real estate section twice a week) with Pepper Petersen (she needs publicity) boiling and bubbling in same. So (pretending she can read) she sees my pathetically pitiful story about you and right away gets patriotic and invites you to have an old-fashioned dinner at her modern home complete with swimming pool. Catch on?"

"Well," said Arthur, "I understand she's inviting me to dinner, but I don't quite see why."

"Oh, come on!" snapped the female civilian. "I haven't got all day! My car is right over there!"

The civilian produced a camera and levelled it at Arthur.

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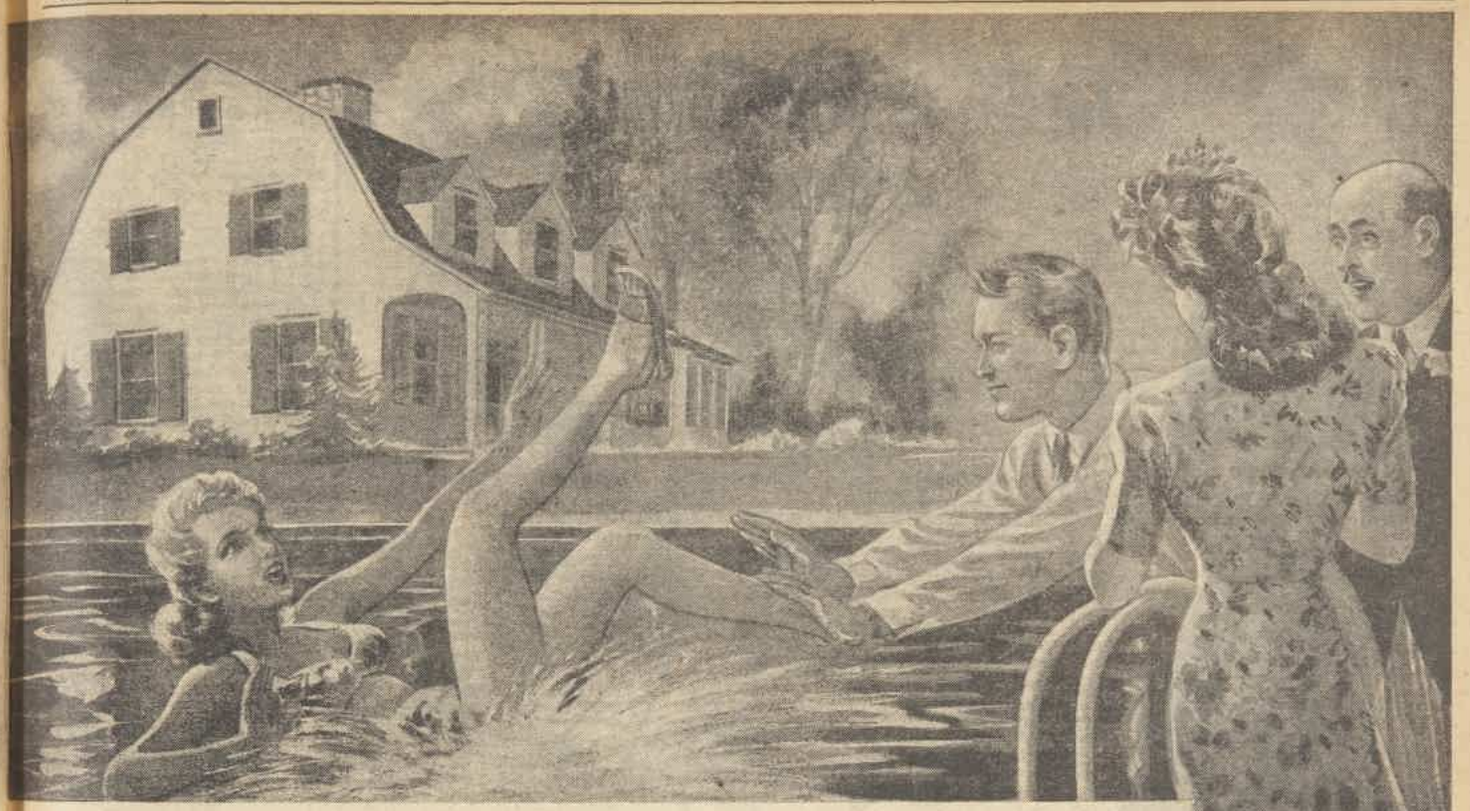

"My lovely new suit!" squealed Pepper, as she hurtled into the water.

THE canyon was narrow and steep-walled, and the road twisted through it like a snake. Darcy Smith's little coupe huffed and puffed up a steep gravel drive and stopped opposite the long, low-roofed verandah of a large white house.

"Okay," she said. "Get out and help me."

She opened the rear compartment of the coupe, piled Arthur up with odd-sized bundles, then marched to a door at the end of the verandah.

"Come on," she ordered impatiently. "Watch out for the step."

She manoeuvred a key out of her pocket, unlocked the door, and went in. Arthur followed her cautiously. They entered a long, narrow room with windows stretching clear across where one of the walls should have been. Arthur felt as if he were on display in a showcase.

Darcy Smith took his packages away from him and said, "Sit down over there and keep out of my way."

Arthur sat down gingerly on the lemon-yellow chesterfield and watched her assemble some portable floodlights and an expensive-looking camera with collapsible legs. Then she pulled a table into the middle of the room, and produced a damask tablecloth, napkins, silverware, and dishes out of her packages, and then set the table expertly for two.

"Say," said Arthur hesitantly, "Where is this Pepper Petersen?"

"She'll be here," said Darcy Smith. "All too soon."

She picked up the rest of her packages and went through a white enamelled door into what was evidently the kitchen. In a moment she came back carrying a chicken on a platter. It was a big chicken, brown and luscious-looking and steaming.

Arthur sniffed hopefully. "Say," he said. "Hadn't you better keep that in the oven until Pepper Petersen shows up? It'll get cold."

"It's cold already, you dope," said Darcy Smith. "It's wax."

"Wax?" Arthur repeated, uncomprehending. "But its steaming."

"That's the dry ice inside it," Darcy Smith said, going back into the kitchen.

Arthur got up and touched the chicken with his forefinger. It was wax.

Darcy Smith returned, carrying a dish of mashed potatoes in one hand and an immense wooden salad bowl in the other.

"Get away," she said. "Don't fool with these potatoes. They're pasteboard, and they crush easily."

"What's the salad made of?" Arthur inquired.

"Cellophane."

Arthur said: "Am I supposed to eat——"

Outside an auto horn blew a brassy: "Tally-ho! Ho-ho!"

"There they are," said Darcy Smith. "Pull the wrinkles out of your jacket and straighten your tie."

Two more civilians came in. One of them had to be Pepper Petersen. She was tall and exquisitely rounded. She said in a throatily thrilling voice, "I'm cold. Is there a drink in the joint?"

"No drinks," said the other civilian. This was a male. He was very short and very broad and entirely bald.

Darcy Smith said: "This is Eben Arthur, and——"

"He's too short," said Pepper. "I can't pose with him."

"He's no general!" said the male civilian.

"A sergeant-major," said Darcy Smith. "That's better. It gives the democratic touch. Sergeant, this is Pepper Petersen, and this is her manager and director, the Baron Brodaglazu."

"My head aches," said Pepper.

"No drinks," said the baron. "Not now. Sit here with the elbow languishing on the table. So!" He turned fiercely to Arthur. "Now you, stupid-face. Stand at the other end of the table — and smile! No! Smile big! With teeth!"

Arthur smiled with teeth.

"That's terrible," said the baron. "But, all right. I work best with difficulties. Here! The carving knife in this hand, the fork in this. Put them at the chicken."

"Be careful," Darcy Smith warned. "Don't punch any holes in it."

"Silence!" the baron ordered. "Now, Pepper. Give with the polite sparkle. Now! Keep smiling, stupid-face. All right. Hold it! Lights! They're awful, but never mind. Camera!"

Darcy Smith stood on a chair and took pictures, and sat on the floor and took pictures.

"Enough!" said the baron suddenly. "I am overcome with nausea. Pepper, peel down to bathing suit for the pictures with water. Stupid-face, come here to me."

Arthur walked across the room and sat down.

The baron plopped himself on the chesterfield and said: "Pfui! It is my burden to be afflicted with brainless people always. How long were you in the Army?"

"Four years," said Arthur.

"How many Nazis have you killed?"

"Well, not any."

"What? In four years I would have killed thousands. I am an anti-Nazi. They are all swine, or worse. Why haven't you killed any Nazis?"

"I've never seen one. I've been knocking off Japs."

"Japs!" the baron snorted. "Monkeys, spiders, scum! They are beneath my notice. I would stamp them underfoot—splut!—and crush them like so."

"Yes," said Arthur. It was quite useless to argue with a civilian.

"Pepper!" the baron roared.

"I'm ready," she said, and entered wearing a bathing suit.

Arthur opened his mouth and shut it again carefully. It was a white satin bathing suit with big flowers splashed all over it. It was high here and low there, it had no middle at all, and it was full to overflowing with Pepper Petersen.

"Isn't he going to undress, too?" Darcy Smith asked, coming out of the kitchen. "I've got some trunks for him."

"No," said the baron. "He would look too awful. Where is the water?"

"Out this way," said Darcy Smith, opening part of the glass side wall.

IN the twilight the narrow pool glistened ominously, slate-grey and smooth.

"You, Pepper," said the baron. "Stand over here. You are dipping a toe in the water and stupid-face is holding you from falling."

"He's too short," said Pepper.

"Here's a crate he can stand on," Darcy Smith offered.

"Not there," said the baron. "Behind the diving board so it will not show in the picture. Now put your arm round her in good taste, stupid-face."

"Wait a minute, you," said Pepper. "This is a brand-new bathing-suit, and I don't want it smeared. Are your hands clean? Let me see!"

Arthur extended his hands, palms out. He kept right on extending them. Pepper stopped looking graceful all of a sudden, and then there was a loud, resounding splash.

"My lovely new suit!" squealed Pepper.

"Stupid-face!" the baron roared. "You have pushed her in the pool! I will stamp you to pieces! I will——"

He charged at Arthur with his head down and his hands up. Arthur stepped aside and put out his foot. There was a louder and even more resounding splash.

"Oh, you half-wit!" Darcy Smith exclaimed. "I know they're impossible, but now you've spoiled everything!"

Arthur took the camera out of her hands and put it carefully down on the grass.

"What?" said Darcy Smith. "What are you— Stop that! Don't you dare push me! Don't you——

"Eeeeeeeee-yup!"

Arthur stared down into the frothing water for a moment and then turned round and walked across the lawn and down the front drive. He was whistling softly and contentedly.

. . .

It was eight o'clock on the dot when Arthur came into Bill the Burgermaster's diner, carrying his folding chessboard under his arm.

There were no customers left in the diner, so Bill the Burgermaster slammed the front door shut and bolted it.

"Okay, Bub," he said. "Get ready, because I'm going to blow you down."

They were hard at it an hour later when someone rattled the latch and then pounded on the front door. Neither of them paid any attention. Pretty soon there was a bump and a clump, and Darcy Smith came through the door of the cubbyhole where Bill the Burgermaster stored his salt and sugar and cracked dishes.

"I knew I forgot something," said Bill the Burgermaster. "I should've locked the back window."

Darcy Smith rested her elbows on the counter and stared speculatively at Arthur. "I'm not mad or anything," she said. "I'm just curious. Why did you push me into that swimming-pool?"

Arthur said politely: "Why did you invite me out to dinner and then serve me waxed chicken with dry ice and pasteboard potatoes?"

Darcy Smith gaped at him. "Well, you dim-wit! Did you think that was your dinner? I was going to take you out after we made the pictures and buy you a big feed. Don't you know anything at all about movie publicity gags?"

"Pools and publicity!" Bill the Burgermaster exploded. "How can I concentrate with you two blabbering in my ear?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" said Darcy Smith. "You've only got two possible moves. Here or here." She moved the chessmen in a casually expert way. "Don't you see it?"

Bill the Burgermaster and Arthur looked at the board and then at each other and then at her.

"Be quiet!" Darcy Smith advised. "I teethed on a chessboard. My brother was chess editor, and nearly everything else, on 'The Sentinel' until he joined the Army. I'm substituting for him. Have you got another board round here? I'll play you both while I'm cooking up some hamburgers."

Bill the Burgermaster looked at Arthur. "If you pushed this girl into a swimming-pool, that was certainly very dumb of you."

"I know that now," said Arthur.

"It's okay," said Darcy Smith. "I got out of the pool first, and I got some very snazzy pictures of the baron and Pepper hauling each other out. If those pictures don't sell to some big magazine, I'll eat them raw."

Bill the Burgermaster tapped Arthur on the shoulder. "Look. Her brother is in the Army, so she's not entirely a civilian. She can cook, she says, and she can certainly play chess. On top of that, she is by no means hideous. So why are you sitting there and looking so stupid?"

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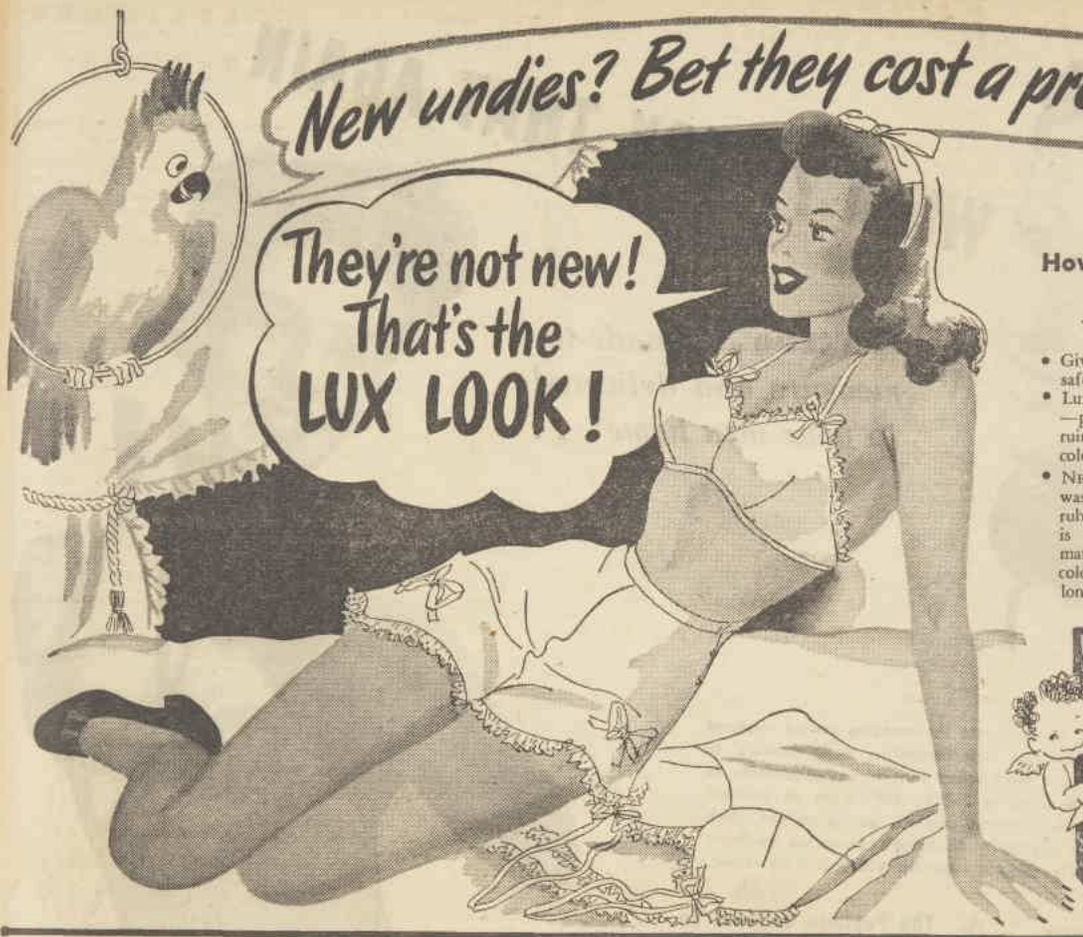

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Brief Heaven

Continued from page 20

A MAN emerged from the wings, and gave Claudia a kiss. "Remember me, sweetheart?" he said. "I'm Jim Varney. You met me in Sam's office last week."

Claudia said she remembered. He gave her a little book like those the others carried.

"Here's your part, dear, you come in from the terrace——" He pointed to a chalk mark on the floor. "This is the terrace," he explained, "and you drop your parcels—you have parcels, you've been shopping, and you ring the bell for the maid—the bell's over here, next to the piano, and the piano is this chair, and then you take off your hat and throw it on the sofa and say, 'Oh, what a mess——' Have you found it yet?"

Claudia opened the book. He leaned over and ruffled the pages. "No, dear, you're looking at the first act," he said. "We're doing the second act now. We finished the first act yesterday."

Her brain was thick with confusion, and an agony of fear froze her blood, as she read her first speech. But somewhere through her numbness she felt her heart quicken and lift. This was theatre.

It was midnight when she let herself in with the latchkey that Julia had given her early that morning. The servants were asleep, and Julia and Hartley were out, for which she was profoundly grateful. She was too tired to talk.

The door of her bedroom stood open, and there, on the sofa, lay David, sound asleep, with a book straddling his stomach. He must have felt her standing there, for he opened his eyes at once.

"What on earth are you doing here?" she exclaimed.

"Who has a better right," he said, "and what kind of a welcome is that?"

She pulled her hat off and sank to the edge of the bed, kicking off her shoes. "What time did you get in?"

"About three," he said. "Thanks for the kiss."

She lifted her lips contritely. "It's pathetic. Have you been here ever since? Why didn't you meet me at the theatre?"

"I did," he said. "I sat in the last row watching for an hour or two. It was dark, so you couldn't see me. Then I got a haircut, and when I went back to call for you everyone had cleared out."

"We had to move at five-thirty. There's an evening performance," said Claudia. "We went to a hall to rehearse."

"Where'd you have supper?"

"Somebody brought in sandwiches and coffee. I had a lot to catch up on. I'm five days late. I don't even know what the play's about—I've only just found out that I'm a flash-back."

"What do you mean?" said David.

"I happened twenty years ago," Claudia wearily explained. "How are the children? Did Bertha get there all right? What did Bobby say? Did Matthew remember her? I wish I'd told you to bring some clothes—"

"Bertha packed a suitcase," said David. "Lucy's hung everything up in the cupboard already."

"That's wonderful," said Claudia. "You haven't kissed me yet—"

"Never mind kissing," said David. "You get to bed."

She was so grateful she could have wept.

"Do you think it will matter much if I don't brush my teeth? You look a little different. It must be the haircut. And you look a funny color for London, nobody here is sunburnt. It'll serve me right if Annabel Page falls in love with you, or vice versa."

"If she's the one in curlers," said David wryly, "you need have no worry."

"That's good," said Claudia drowsily. Her lids had heavy weights on them which kept pressing down over her eyes. There were a lot of questions she ought to ask him, and she ought to keep telling him how glad she was that he had come. "How are the children?" she murmured politely.

When she opened her eyes Lucy was at the door with the breakfast trays. "You've got to be at rehearsal at half-past ten," Lucy announced importantly.

Claudia struggled up through layers and layers of sleep. "I have to brush my teeth—" she remembered, and Lucy said, "I'll leave Mr. David's tray on the table."

Claudia sat up, fully awake. She had forgotten about David.

"I always did want to work for an actress," said Lucy. "Here comes Mr. David, I better get out, quick!"

David was clothed only in a bath-towel. His hair was damp, and his shoulders looked handsome.

"I'm going home this morning," he announced.

"I'll be a human being again after I've learned my lines," she said.

"I won't phone you," he went on, "unless something important turns up, but you phone me whenever you can get down to it."

She nodded. "Perhaps on Sunday you'll be down. I don't think we'll rehearse on Sunday."

"Perhaps," said David. He opened the newspaper.

"What's the news?" asked Claudia, trying to remember the mechanics of her second-act exit.

"Very good," said David.

"That's good," said Claudia. She lay back on her pillows. "Please don't go to the trouble of coming with me," she mumbled, "cross right, drop handkerchief, wait for him to pick it up—push him away—and say 'don't!'"

"Don't what?" asked David mildly.

"I haven't found out yet," said Claudia. "This is the spot that doesn't make very much sense to me. What's the matter?" She broke off, as his left eyebrow began to act up.

Silently he folded the paper into a neat oblong, rose from the table, and brought it to her. There was Sam Goldheart's name, as usual, at the top of the theatrical column. "'Sam Goldheart,'" she read aloud. "'Robs Society Roost.' What does that mean?"

"Read on," said David.

Claudia read on, with her jaw gaping, "'Claudia Brown, who divides her time between her town house and her farm, where her husband, David Naughton, architect and war veteran, is regaining his health in the building up of his herd of priceless Guernseys, has joined the cast of "Sad Ecstasy." Chalk another one up to Mr. Goldheart's indomitable zest for discoveries. He first saw Miss Brown four years ago, when she was appearing, for the fun of it, with a summer touring company near the Naughton estate.'"

Claudia looked up with foreboding and dismay. "It's all such a terrible lie!" she gasped.

She fully expected that David would be consumed with rage, but he only shrugged. "Not really a lie," he said. "Just theatre."

For a long moment Claudia said nothing. She wanted to tell him that he was probably the most superior person in the world, for a variety of reasons. "You certainly look wonderful in that towel," she brought out at last. "What time is it?"

"I'm catching the eleven o'clock back," he said. "I can drop you at your rehearsal on my way to the station." He glanced at his watch. "It's nine-fifteen," he said.

"We've ages," said Claudia.

. . . . . .

The day went on wings, and her lines came to her with no effort at all, because the things she had to say she might have said to David. Jim was delighted, and Jerry said it was exactly his idea of Cornelia. The rehearsal broke up at seven, and she got home in time to have dinner with Julia and Hartley. Julia had seen the photograph in the morning paper, and had apparently put herself into a state of mind where she believed that it was true.

"Hartley and I are going to the opening," she announced. "What have you got to wear after the performance?"

"My pink," said Claudia.

"That's five years old. It's time you got a new one," said Julia. "It'll be a good investment for your first week's salary."

"I have spent my first week's salary," Claudia said.

She telephoned David immediately after dinner. He was waiting for her call, even though he hadn't expected it. They talked for a shamelessly long while, about everything and nothing. He assured her no fewer than six times that the children were fine.

"It's easy to see," he said, "that you're not paying for this."

"Julia should be grateful," Claudia replied, "that it's evening rates. When are you coming down again?"

"Over the week-end," said David.

"That's an awfully long way away," said Claudia.

"It is," he agreed.

SHE was grateful for the pain of missing him, and when she wakened in the morning it was to the instant thought of him. She blinked at her watch. Seven o'clock to the dot. She wished she could break herself of this habit. Theatre people slept until twelve, content in their special dreams of fame and glory. She reached for the telephone. It rang for quite a while before David finally answered.

"You sound wet," she said, "were you in the bath?"

He said he was, and while he dried off she spoke to Matthew, who was hopping up and down so hard she could scarcely hear him. "Hullo, hullo," he shouted, "Bertha lives here now!"

"No, not really," said Claudia. "Why doesn't someone tell me these things?"

She heard a scuffle as Bobby took possession of the instrument. "Mother? When are you coming home?" he demanded.

"Perhaps on Saturday night, instead of Daddy coming down, if we don't rehearse on Sunday," she decided on an inspiration. "I can catch the early train back on Monday."

The idea stayed with her. It was something to look forward to. She packed her bag on Saturday morning, and was the first, as usual, to arrive at the theatre, with the stage manager appearing shortly afterwards. His name was Kenneth, and he greeted her cheerfully with the assorted information that the name of the play was no longer "Sad Ecstasy," but "Happy Trouble," and Mr. Goldheart and Jim were writing a new third act.

"Rehearsals," Kenneth went on in a breathless flurry, "are called off until this evening. We'll work right through the night and most of tomorrow."

"Oh, dear," said Claudia, concerned chiefly with the effect of these cataclysmic changes upon her personal plans. She telephoned David from the theatre. His voice sounded a little odd, she thought, as he said that there'd be no sense in his coming down if she had to rehearse all night.

"You'd better get as much rest as you can to-day," he advised.

"Are you in a hurry?" she asked.

"No," he said. Why?"

"No reason," she admitted. "You just sounded a little rushed. Will the children be very disappointed at my not coming—I mean, Bobby," she corrected. "Matthew doesn't know I'm alive."

"I'll explain to them why you couldn't get here," said David. "Good-bye, darling——"

She hung up with a lost feeling that something was wrong. There was such a strange unfamiliarity in his tone. Perhaps disappointment had dampened his eagerness to be with her. Perhaps he was deliberately assuming a detachment that he could wear as an armor between them. Or was she imagining things?

Even if she was, she felt a sudden, strong pull to catch the first train up to Eastbrook and look in on her world, simply to know that everything was as it should be. She did not argue with the impulse. Fortunately, a taxicab was passing the theatre as she emerged to the street. She hailed it, and climbed in.

The taxi-driver reached behind him to close the door securely. "Take your time, lady," he adjured her with enormous composure.

The station was jammed. Nervously, Claudia calculated and re-calculated her precious time. There was no use pretending. Even if she made perfect connections—which she was not apt to—she couldn't possibly spend more than an hour with David and the children and be back in time for a six o'clock rehearsal.

The gates were open now, and the passengers milled forward in a solid mass. Claudia allowed herself to be pushed along. "How long before the train starts?" she asked a porter.

"'S hard to say definitely, ma'am," he replied.

"I'm not going," said Claudia disconsolately, and disentangled herself from the crowd.

IT seemed quite a long time to six o'clock, and Claudia felt strangely at a loss what to do with herself.

She wended her way towards the West End, and played with the idea of a film. She had never gone to one by herself. Perhaps it would be good discipline, for many women had to go alone, these days. "I'm not keen enough about them, though," she decided.

She ended up by taking the bus home to Julia's.

Julia was away, but Hartley was at home with his gall-bladder. Claudia passed at the library door to sympathise with him. He was huddled in a leather chair.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked.

"Not a thing," said Hartley. "I think I'm better." He straightened himself experimentally. "How's 'Sad Ecstasy' coming along?"

"Awful," said Claudia. "And the title's been changed to 'Happy Trouble.' And I take place fifty years later than I did. Which means a lot of changes in my part."

"Dear me," said Hartley vaguely.

Conversation lagged into an awful silence. But he was very sweet, and she'd have been in a fix if he and Julia hadn't opened their home to her.

"It's been simply wonderful, being able to be here," she said. "If the play should be a success, I'm not going to keep on taking advantage of you — I'll find a little flat somewhere."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Hartley stated firmly. "You'll stay here. The idea. A big house like this . . . You're happy with us, aren't you?"

"As happy as I can be anywhere without David," she admitted.

To be continued

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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Food for Fitness!

We've been so *busy this morning—*

what with sweeping and dusting and other jobs around the house—

that the break for a drink is very welcome. Particularly *welcome*

because this drink has that real chocolaty flavour — *yes, Bournville Cocoa.*

That's the stuff to keep us fit. It replaces the energy we have expended—

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Continuing . . . The Little Pill Box

from page 5

STUDYING the paper, Mr. Craig said, "There were just four principal bequests. Mrs. Kennedy, the cook, 10,000 dollars, as a tribute to her long and faithful services. Paul Moresco, druggist, 10,000 dollars for thoughtfulness over a long period of filling prescriptions."

He paused, as if he considered the bequest preposterous, glared at Paul, and continued: "The Fifth Avenue house to Dr. Wales, with a cash bequest of 50,000 dollars to be used in converting the house into a clinic and laboratory for research in diseases of the heart. The balance of the estate to Miss Lella Havers, her husband's neice, and her companion for two years."

"Then, speaking in purely mathematical terms, you could say that the motive for murder on the part of Mrs. Kennedy was equal to my brother's. The doctor's motive was at least five times as strong, since he received in cash alone five times the 10,000 dollars bequest, and Miss Havers' motive was——" Ralph hesitated—"how much would you value her legacy at?"

Mr. Craig considered. "I cannot say any closer than two million dollars."

"That's close enough," Ralph said, and smiled suddenly. "That's close enough for me. That makes Miss Havers' motive for murdering her aunt two hundred times as strong as Paul Moresco's."

Mr. Craig looked with amusement at the judge, as one experienced law-man to another.

"That's all," Ralph said.

Mr. Craig left the stand.

Mr. Jonathan Carney replaced him. Mr. Carney was the fat man who had sat beside the Morescos. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his face. His business, he stated, was boxes.

"Just what does that mean, Mr. Carney?" Ralph asked chattily.

Doing well there, conceded Judge Brett. Knows how to talk to his witness.

"I make boxes. Manufacturer of boxes, Jonathan Carney, Inc."

"How long have you manufactured boxes?"

"Twenty-seven years."

"Do you personally oversee the manufacture of these boxes?"

"Yes, I am out in the plant every day."

Ralph Moresco produced a couple of round pill-boxes from his pocket. He handed them to Mr. Carney. "Here are two ordinary pill-boxes, Mr. Carney."

"Can't be very ordinary," said Mr. Carney jocularly. "I made them. These are Carney boxes. A good job, Your Honor." He held them up, for the court and jury to see, the unself-consciousness of the expert carrying him away. "Well cut and well pasted, and that's what counts."

"Mr. Carney," Ralph said, "if your boxes came unstuck——"

"Carney boxes never come unstuck." Mr. Carney interrupted indignantly. "I use the best paper and the best paste, and believe me, they stay stuck."

"Just the same," Ralph said, calmly persuasive, "it is possible that a box might, for example, be exposed to steam so that a part of it became unstuck. Suppose that were so, and suppose the part were then pasted back. Could you detect that?"

This question appeared to surprise Mr. Carney a little, and he ruminated at considerable length. Finally he said: "Why, sure, now that I know what you mean, sure I could tell. You couldn't fool me."

"Your Honor," said Ralph, "I have taken the liberty of preparing a test for Mr. Carney. Just outside are two men who agreed to help with this test. I chose them particularly because they are above suspicion, Durry and Rogers, the authors of the textbook on evidence used at the Law School. I would like to dismiss Mr. Carney temporarily, with your permission, and call Mr. Durry to testify."

"Very well," said the judge. He nodded cordially to the two men as they walked forward.

They brought with them a large sealed carton, and it now rested on the table before the district attorney. Durry took the stand.

"Mr. Moresco came to us, asking us to act for him in conducting this test. At his request we went to the Carney plant and bought fifty of these pill-boxes. Of the fifty, we took five and subjected them to a steam bath sufficient to remove an object pasted to the top of the box—like an ordinary label.

"We tested and made sure of the length of time this took by using a sample box, steaming a label off it, and checking the time it took. We then subjected the five boxes to a steam bath of the same duration, a period of less than two minutes. Inevitably, in each case a part of the paper, which was really part of the pill-box itself, came unstuck. We pasted it back carefully. We then numbered each box of the fifty, and kept a record of the five boxes which were steamed and then repasted."

Mr. Durry paused, and Ralph interjected: "In other words, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Durry and Mr. Rogers have in that box on the table fifty numbered boxes. They alone know which five numbers are on the five specially-treated boxes. What I wish to have Mr. Carney do is to go through these fifty boxes and see if he can pick out those five."

JUDGE Brett turned to the district attorney and asked: "Will you accept Messrs. Durry and Rogers as suitable persons to conduct this test?"

The district attorney said, "Yes!" shortly.

Mr. Rogers then gave a sealed envelope to the judge, another to the district attorney, and Jonathan Carney was handed the sealed pasteboard box. He ripped it open eagerly, took a single pill-box, and said, "Carney boxes, all right." After that he said nothing. He took out each pill-box singly, scrutinised it briefly, and set it down. When he had taken all out of the large carton, he went over the lot once more, this time either placing a pill-box back into the carton or setting it aside on the table. He had held out five when the last box went back into the carton, and read the numbers off: "21, 18, 49, 30, 31."

Judge Brett ripped open his envelope. The numbers, in a different order, were the same, "18, 21, 30, 31, 49." The district attorney's list was apparently a duplicate, since he said nothing, merely looking annoyed in a guarded sort of way.

Ralph reached into his brief-case and brought out ten more pill boxes. These, however, had typewritten labels, and were tagged. He presented them to Judge Brett, saying, "I have marked a star in each of these boxes, both covers and bottoms, so that there will be no question as to identification—so they will not be confused with the other fifty boxes. These boxes, gentlemen," he addressed the jury as the judge looked at the boxes, "are labelled and tagged to look exactly like exhibit A, the box which contained the fatal medicine. They have all been handled enough to make them look equally shopworn. The only difference is the distinguishing mark inside the boxes, which Mr. Carney will, of course, be unable to see. With the court's permission I will add the pill-box, exhibit A, to these ten boxes, mix them indiscriminately, and ask Mr. Carney to pick any which have been steamed, unstuck, and repasted."

"Certainly," said Judge Brett, beginning to see where they were drifting. Shrewd! he thought. Shrewd and daring, because it's really no evidence at all.

Ralph emptied the carton of the forty-five sample pill boxes, placed the eleven boxes in it, shook them up, and turned the carton over to Carney. Carney's job was easier this time. He picked out one box unerringly. "A job was done on this one," he said. Ralph told him to hand it to the judge, who took off the cover. There was no mark inside. This, then, was the real and original exhibit A. This box had been tampered with.

"Your honor," said Ralph, his voice louder and more positive, "it is not my purpose to say who tampered with the box, since my motive is only to prove that my brother did not deliberately or by accident alter the prescription directions. From the tests you have just seen it would indicate that someone, after receiving the pill-box from the Moresco drug store, removed the label with the proper directions by steaming it off, and replaced it with another label.

"This could have been the housekeeper, or Miss Havers, who lived in the house, or even Dr. Wales, who had free access to the house. All of them had motives, but it is not our purpose to accuse any of them."

He paused, as if waiting for some reaction from the prosecution. None was forthcoming, however.

RALPH continued: "Unquestionably, Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, what happened is this; another label, taken from a Moresco medicine box, given innocently at some previous time, was substituted for the correct one. I went over the Moresco drug store files, and found one; prescribed by Dr. Wales and filled by the store some time ago, which reads exactly as it should: 'One pill to be taken hourly. I give this prescription in as evidence."

Dr. Wales was called to the stand, recognised the prescription as his own, given for a cold Miss Havers had suffered some time previously. Judge Brett looked at Paul Moresco, still sitting there motionless as if none of the proceedings had registered. You're as good as free now, the judge told him silently. That box ties it.

"Your Honor," said the jury foreman, "one thing we want to know. Why did anyone go to all the trouble of steaming a label off one box, then pasting another one on, when he could just as well have used the other box?"

"Can you explain it, Mr. Moresco?" Judge Brett asked.

"Certainly, Your Honor. The date had to be changed," Ralph replied promptly. "Furthermore, it had to be done on a typewriter, of course, so the label had to be steamed off and then replaced. Only one set of digits had to be changed, the day of the month, and unless the experts knew to look for that one set of digits it is unlikely they would have noticed it."

There was a stir. Ralph said, "Your Honor, it was my purpose to recall Miss Havers to ask what she did with the pill-box her medicine came in, and from which the label was undoubtedly taken; and also what became of the second label which read 'one every four hours.' But I believe on second thought that these are questions for the grand jury to ask. Instead I will rest my case here."

Both attorneys then made their pleas to the jury, the judge gave a brief charge. The jury gave a verdict of "Not guilty" without leaving the box.

"Struggling young lawyer wins first case," said Freeman disapprovingly, as the courtroom emptied and he and Judge Brett left together. "He won the case on surprise, not evidence. Don't like it."

Judge Brett did not answer. The Morescos were leaving, the mother jubilant, Paul moving along in a daze, and Ralph limping along a little in the rear. Judge Brett waited until Ralph reached him.

"Good work," he said.

The younger man flushed with pleasure. "Thank you, sir," he said.

(Copyright)

Three To Get Ready

Continued from page 4

WHEN George won the draw for the model house, the news flew round town. The telephone rang all day. And all night, too, it seemed. Congratulations, George! But Kelly refused to set one foot on Belvedere Boulevard. She didn't even want to see the model bungalow.

"It was a promise, George——" Never before had George seen Kelly too shattered to work up a healthy head of steam.

That night she phoned from the hospital, remote and very cool.

"Don't expect me, George. I'm going to the country. A week-end house-party at Tige Williamson's. I packed a bag before I left this morning. Tige will drop in for it." And she hung up, definitely.

Tige Williamson, staff pediatrician at the hospital, was a bachelor with a country place and a penchant for merry week-end parties. Rumor had it that the determination to remain a bachelor had only become perennial with Tige when Kelly married George. At any rate, Tige had given George many uneasy moments before Kelly said, "I do."

George paced the living-room. He had broken a promise. Bad business, admittedly. But Kelly cancelled that when she accepted Tige Williamson's week-end invitation. Of one thing George was certain. He would not be present when Tige called for Kelly's bag.

Collecting his sweater, his golf-clubs, his favorite pipe, a few clothes, and his dog, George moved out to the model bungalow. Kelly might have the flat. And Tige Williamson. But not George. Not until she recovered some sense.

The model bungalow was everything George and Kelly had talked of having afterward, grey stone, big picture windows, and wide window-sills for plants.

Trump loved his new home at sight. He rolled vigorously in a petunia bed, then rushed indoors, making a wide detour through the living and dining rooms, and returned to George looking dashed because he couldn't locate Kelly. George knew just how he felt.

He invited in some boys from the plant for house-warming and everybody had a time but George. He lost quite heavily at cards and missed most of the best jokes because he had to keep an ear ready for the telephone. But Kelly made no attempt to ring.

George wasn't weakening, of course. Nevertheless he had no desire to be too uncompromising. He called Kelly.

"Hello." She sounded as if she had been waiting beside the phone. Then, in decrescendo, "Oh—it's you. How's Trump?"

"He asks for you continually." Casual, that was the right approach, and businesslike.

There was an awkward pause. Then, against the dictates of his pride George suggested, "Why don't you drop round and inspect the model house?"

"Some other time. I'm in a whirl just now. Good-bye, George——"

During the following week the model bungalow acquired a patina of dust, one very rumpled bed, and a sinkful of dirty dishes. And the neighbors weren't particularly friendly. They complained that Trump cried at night while George was at the plant.

Thinking over the whole thing, George decided that he and Kelly were behaving like a couple of stuffed shirts, each magnifying a sense of outrage. He determined to be generous. He would simply go to Kelly, admitting in a conciliatory way that the initial wrong had been his, and suggest they try again, either back in the flat or in the model bungalow, whichever Kelly favored. There would be no more lotteries. He had learned his lesson.

Not using his key, George pressed the buzzer opposite the card which still announced: Mr. and Mrs. George Flight. The inner lobby door clicked open—so Kelly was in—and he went up in the elevator. His hands were clammy and lightning seemed to be hovering hotly round the back of his neck.

Kelly was wearing the short black dinner dress that made her hair look like a candle flame. When she saw George the flame leaped into her eyes and glinted through her lashes. Her lips parted in a little welcoming smile that was totally involuntary. Then her eyes grew cool and the smile lost its warm hint of intimacy.

"You've won again, George!"

"I discovered you can get almost anything if you start yelling round three in the morning. He's really dopey at that hour."

There was a wicked little kick of fresh disapproval in her voice. "I presume you've called to pick up your layette?"

It threw him out of gear. Three in a row. You can't lose, George. He remembered the two tickets he had bought from Miss Purvis in the timekeeper's office because Miss Purvis looked like Kelly. But not like this Kelly, rocking back wrathfully upon slender high heels. Not like Kelly, resentfully drawing his attention to a box lying on the sofa, a large box of an ethereal-blue, with silhouettes in silver upon the cover of long-legged long-billed birds. Kelly opened the box. Before his eyes she unfurled squares of some thick white material. She dangled small knitted things and tiny shapeless gowns.

George pointedly ignored the whole performance. "I came here in a spirit of honest apology——"

The buzzer interrupted him.

"That's Tige. Excuse me, George, I have an engagement." She adjusted a few ends and snips of bright green velvet upon her curls, donned her coat, and went out the door.

George barely refrained from booting the blue box after her.

It was evening of the next day and George was wondering dismally what more the future could hold for him. The doorbell rang: Trump barked furiously, raced into the hall, but failed to brake and skidded crazily. George opened the door.

"You forgot this, George." She carried the blue box.

George relieved her of it, but gingerly, obviously suspecting the motive of her call. "Won't you come in?" he invited warily.

Kelly stepped across the threshold. With little exclamations of delighted discovery she toured the living-room.

"Would you believe it, I've always wanted a table just like this! And that beautiful sofa!" She took a deep breath and then went on: "By the way, George, I lied about Tige Williamson. There wasn't any week-end house party. I ran up to see the family. Tige offered to pick up my bag and drive me to the station. And last night it was a bride's shower. One of the nurses from the hospital was calling, not Tige."

George leaned against the wall and awaited developments.

"The layette put the idea into my head." Kelly was off on a new tangent. "I saw the doctor this afternoon. I should have gone sooner. But I felt so well. It seemed incredible. Look, George! This lampshade is Indian crewel work. Won't it go beautifully with the rug?"

Kelly had worked her way round the room. Standing before George, she wore a little worried frown. And there was something else, new and very strange for such a fiery lass as Kelly, a mute plea for understanding, a waiting shyness.

"Don't think it silly of me, George. But you've done so well—this house, the layette, and cockers are so good with children—I bought a ticket in a raffle for a perambulator."

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French star's glad reunion with family

By BETTY WILSON from Paris

No heat — no light . . . That has become a commonplace in Paris, but it was surprising, nevertheless, to find a Hollywood film star at the end of five flights of carpetless stairs, in a family flat half way between the Arc de Triomphe and the Bois de Boulogne.

For Michele Morgan — in spite of her career — is essentially a film star for whom family matters more than glamor.

THE star of "Joan of Paris," "Two Tickets to London," "Passage to Marseilles," and "Higher and Higher," she likes, in films, "a happy ending." And in real life she works and fights for a happy ending, too.

Her visit to Paris has brought her joy and sorrow—sorrow because she has had to leave her sixteen-months-old baby son, Michael, at her home in Beverly Hills; joy because after five years in Hollywood she is seeing her father and mother and the rest of her family again.

"We are a very united family," she told me in her pretty voice, which is more English than American, but still retains a faint French accent.

Her grandmother had come to see her on the day I interviewed her. And there were Michele's two brothers—both with the French Army now, but schoolboys when Michele left for Hollywood—and "my little sister," who is just thirteen.

Her bedroom in the family flat is almost the same as the bedroom she left five years ago. There is no Hollywood glamor about it. The window is curtained in flowered pink muslin. The bed, covered with a great fur rug (very necessary in unheated Paris), has a shelf above it which carries a row of books and a big teddy bear.

There was a cluster of orchids on a small table, and there were two big photographs on the dressing table. One was a smiling picture of Michele Morgan's husband, "Bill" (William Marshall); the other was a big colored photograph of son Michael, or "Mike," aged one.

Michele smiles tenderly when she looks at Michael's photograph.

"When I went out marketing everyone used to stop me and say, 'What a lovely baby,'" she said. "When I left him he looked as if he were at least two years old."

She hopes that her husband will be able to come to Paris to take her back to Hollywood and Michael. "He has never seen Paris," she said.

But she would not dream of bringing Michael here. He is much better off in Hollywood, where he has his father and a devoted colored nurse to look after him.

"And a garden and a swimming-pool, too," says Michele. "I am pretty sure his father will begin to teach him to swim within the next year and I know he will be able to swim by the time he is three. Because, otherwise, a swimming-pool is pretty dangerous for babies."

In Paris, Michele lives in slacks and sweaters plus the magnificent silver fox coat which she has worn every day since she has been home, and which she can hardly bear to take off in the unheated flat.

"I could have stayed at a hotel, but I didn't want to," she said. "If I had, I should have been caught up with all sorts of things I wanted to spend all my time with my family."

Baby snapshots

SHE brought out a dozen snapshots of the baby and his father.

"Besides," she said, "it's lovely to be home again. My husband has written to me every day to tell me about my baby. He has telephoned me twice already, too.

"I must go back soon. We won't have any money if he does much more telephoning."

She was dressed as fashionable Parisiennes dress in the winter when I saw her—in bright green woollen pullover, cross-stitched in red and white, grey flannel slacks and sealskin boots.

Her light chestnut hair was combed off her face and reached her shoulders, and she wore very little make-up.

On the third finger of her left hand she wore her wedding ring—a gold ring nearly half an inch wide.

On the little finger of her right hand she wore a lovely pale sapphire ring, surrounded with diamonds. Her husband gave her this ring for "Mike's" first Christmas.

She has seen a few French films since she arrived in Paris.

But she prefers to spend all her time with her family. "We have so much to talk about," she says.

FRENCH STAR Michele Morgan, who is revisiting her people, posed for this lovely study in a Paris studio.

Film Reviews

★★★ TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

AUSTRALIAN audiences at last get their first sight of the highly publicised Lauren Bacall ("The Look") in Warners' drama of rum-running in Martinique. She co-stars with Humphrey Bogart in a very free adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's novel of the same name.

It must be admitted at once that the languorous Miss Bacall is something new in film actresses, and has considerable acting talent in addition to her slow, hoarse voice, slanting eyes, and smoothly loping walk. As Marie, girl-friend of rum-runner Bogart, she steals the film from her first entrance.

Bogart in familiar role as a tough guy is well typed.

Another interesting personality is pianist Hoagy Carmichael, but the Bacall is No. 1 attraction throughout.—Regent; showing.

★★ THE DESERT SONG

WARNERS' effort to modernise this familiar musical by including a gang of German agents is not particularly successful, but who cares? The superb technicolor photography is a feast for the eyes, the lilting melodies are as pleasant as ever, and it all adds up to good escapist entertainment.

Dennis Morgan is suitably dashing as the hero, and his strong singing voice is admirable.

Irene Manning, in her first starring role, is an apt selection for the role of Margot. Her voice is attractive, and her appearance glamorous.

The two stars get plenty of assistance from the strong supporting cast, including Bruce Cabot, Lynne Overman, and Faye Emerson. Dynamic dancer Sylvia Operte provides the highlight scene of the film.—Tatler; showing.

King is interested in Swiss film

THE King has requested a special private screening of "The Last Chance," an obscure film made in Switzerland during the last months of World War II.

Britain's film critics have been vying with one another to see who can say the nicest things about this picture.

Allied internees in Switzerland got together to make this film, which weaves all their "escape from Germany" stories into one cohesive plot.

Fifteen different languages, spoken by the players of different nationalities, are heard during its dialogue.

"The Last Chance" was produced by a Swiss, directed by an Austrian, and was scripted by an English girl.

London is now storming the theatre where the film is being shown.

The critics have paused in their praise just long enough to throw some nasty adjectives at British film companies who turned down the offer to buy "The Last Chance," and left it to America.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the world release rights after "The Last Chance" had been shown in New York, and voted by the National Film Board of Review among the ten Best Films of the Year.

* * *

FEMININE New York is packing out the smart Winter Garden Theatre to see Britain's No. 1 screen

By Cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

idol, James Mason, in "The Seventh Veil."

Mason himself is still firmly in Britain, where he intends to make "The Upturned Glass" before considering any more Hollywood offers. (His rejection of the leading masculine role in "Forever Amber" led to that plum part going to Hollywood's Cornel Wilde.)

"The Upturned Glass" will, surprisingly, show Mason as a nice young detective—instead of as the brutal rake or domineering intriguer you would expect.

MARY PICKFORD dances with Lieut. Wayne Morris at his welcome home Hollywood party. He has returned to Warners.

* * *

ENGLAND may soon have its own "Dead End" film series. Gainsborough Studio script-writers are playing with the idea of filming the Borstal reformatory boys.

* * *

BRITAIN'S ten-year-old film "Rembrandt," biography of the famous painter, which starred Charles Laughton and Gertrude Lawrence, is having an astounding success in the Hamburg, Germany, cinema theatres.

German audiences have, however, boycotted such Hollywood films as "Action in the North Atlantic," which showed Humphrey Bogart and pals smashing Nazi attacks on an Allied convoy.

* * *

GLAMOROUS musical comedy star Anne Zeigler and her good-looking husband, Webster Booth, will make their screen debut in British National's technicolor musical "The Laughing Lady."

Hans May is writing the music for this movie, which has a highway romance for plot; and Paul Stein will direct.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

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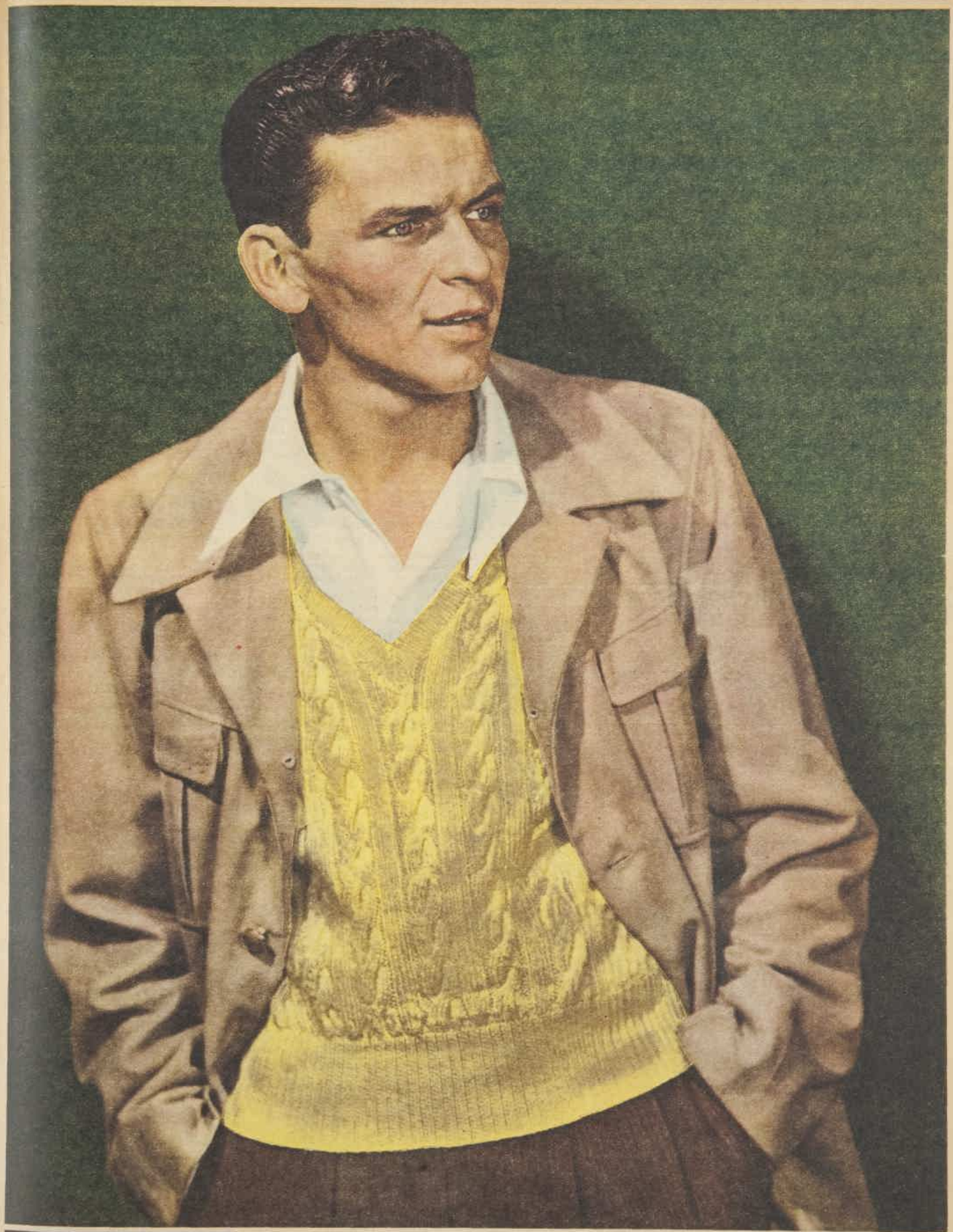

Movie World

FRANK SINATRA, world famous as a crooner and now taking leading parts in MGM films. Recently he won an Award of Merit from the Hollywood Women's Press Club for his work in combating juvenile delinquency and racial prejudice. He also was runner-up as the most co-operative male star for 1945. An offer for him to visit England for a week with a £3000 fee has been made and his newest film is "Till the Clouds Roll By," in which he co-stars with Judy Garland and Robert Walker.

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IS BACK AGAIN!

And it's good news for everyone. There is only one Bovril, and, unlike so many familiar products, Bovril is still the same top quality you remember. Pure, highly concentrated, full of the flavour of prime beef, Bovril is such a stimulating drink. And what a difference it does make in soups, stews and gravies! Get a bottle of Bovril today—and remember: it's very economical in use. A little goes a long way.

BOVRIL IS BEST

Alice Faye in her first drama

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

1 **STRANDED** in a Californian town, confidence man Eric (Dana Andrews) is fascinated by waitress Stella (Linda Darnell), whom he sees defying her boss.

2 **SEEKING** easy money in town, Eric promises travelling pair, Ellis (Howland) and Madley (John Carradine), to find a backer for their "psychic" show.

3 **LOCAL** spinster Clara (Anne Revere) and sister June (Alice Faye) sponsor show for Eric.

4 **PAID** by showmen, Eric makes date with Stella, who rebuffs him because she wants wealthy marriage.

5 **TO** Clara's dismay, Eric weds June, planning secretly to take her money, and then desert her for Stella.

6 **NEXT DAY** Stella is found murdered, and neighbor tells policeman Judd (Bickford) that local playboy (Cabot) and Eric were the last to visit Stella.

7 **ALTHOUGH** Eric is suspected of murder, June insists on sharing his flight from town, and, in a dingy hotel, hears him confess how he plotted against her.

Star chose "Fallen Angel"

ALICE FAYE, after reading 36 dramatic film-scripts, personally chose "Fallen Angel" as her newest picture for Fox. The star, who refused early in 1944 to make any more musicals, waited nearly two years for a drama that she liked.

"Fallen Angel" tells how a small-town girl—Alice herself—marries a confidence man, and, softening his heart, gives him courage to clear himself of a murder. Otto Preminger, of "Laura," directed the film.

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Depression, listlessness and irritability are sure signs that you need WINCARNIS, the famous "No-Waiting natural tonic that fortifies brain and nerves. Recommendations from medical men endorse WINCARNIS. The first glass does you good, makes you feel alert and vigorous. WINCARNIS is a delicious blend of choice, rich wines and health-giving extracts. Your chemist sells it. Ask for a bottle to-day.

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Paris Silhouette

MARY HORDERN'S PAGE . . .

PARIS offers exciting bertha-like cape of golden-yellow velveteen, with deeper-toned flowers . . . for evening wear with skirts long or short . . . grandmama bonnet with the cape gives new line . . . . lovely, too, worn separately . . . necklines for evening jaw-bone-high or slipping off shoulders and skirts sheathlike or very full.

Frock on right is in two pieces—tuck-in top with deep armhole, tapering sleeve, can be worn with short or long skirt . . . note new cascade effect of jewellery at waist and in hair . . . also Schiaparelli hat of plaited velvet.

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Head over heels in love

"I know lots of pretty girls," said James to his sister Robin Ann, "but, somehow, that girl over there sort of goes to my head."

Robin Ann smiled.

"That girl, my dear, isn't just a girl. She's in her thirties."

"Well," said James, "I'm in love with her just the same."

Robin Ann turned to her friend Barbara and said: "What knowing soul was it who once said, 'All men love a pretty skin'?"

And the girl? She is 33, but she looks 25. For Powder Charmosan imparted to her skin the charm; the soft loveliness; the clear, warm tones of Youth so beautifully that every day eyes are drawn to her that say: "O, what a pretty skin!"

Charmosan face powder is in the loveliest colour tones—Rachel, Naturelle, Peche, Sun Tan. Big box 2/6. Small 1/3. Stays on for hours.

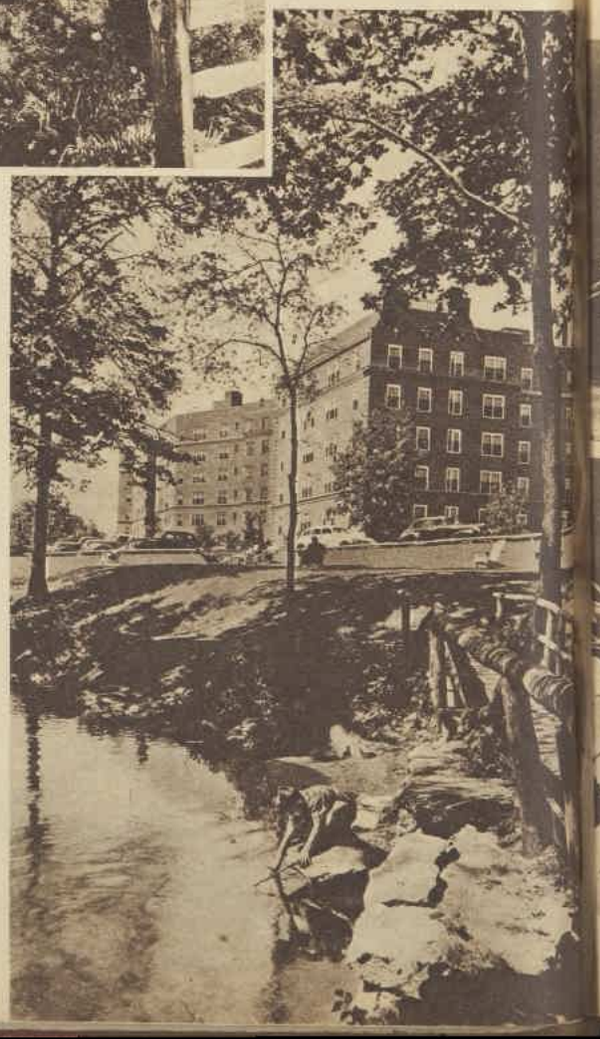
COUNTRY GARDENS. These New York suburban apartments are a far cry from erstwhile row houses that stretched weary fingers over plots of good earth. Interiors are attractive, with well-planned kitchens.

Garden apartments

● These pictures show one way in which America is grappling with her enormous housing problem. Rows of dilapidated houses are being swept away and garden apartments, or flats, are going up with lightning-like rapidity. Lawns are set, shrubs, trees and gardens planted overnight.

OLD-WORLD CHARM achieved in the block of garden apartments shown at left. Note rustic fences.

SPACE TO BREATHE: The massive block of flats—or apartments—of modern design illustrated below now face the river where restful park-like lawns and the cool shade of trees are appreciated by youngsters and by grown-ups, too.



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A GREAT HELP FOR *Joint Pains*

You can put an end to joint pains—if you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys so that they can clear from your system excess uric acid poisons and other impurities. Let De Witt's Pills wake sluggish kidneys to action and watch those joint pains disappear for good. De Witt's Pills are ready to give you quick and lasting relief. Within 24 hours of the first dose you have proof, and if you give De Witt's Pills a fair trial, joint pains will completely disappear.

Full directions with each bottle.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere. Prices, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

THE COMMON COLD MENACE

● Build up your children's resistance now—neglected colds in winter time can be dangerous to health.

By Sister MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

WITH the end of summer and sudden changes of weather comes the usual crop of colds.

The common cold, as well as being very unpleasant, also interferes with efficiency, and causes much absenteeism in school.

Neglected colds, especially in infants and young children, can often cause serious trouble, therefore good bodily resistance should be consistently built up, as prevention is always better than cure.

A leaflet giving hints for the simple treatment of colds can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is sent with the request.

N.B.—The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open on the 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney, for individual interviews and demonstrations every day, Monday to Friday, from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.

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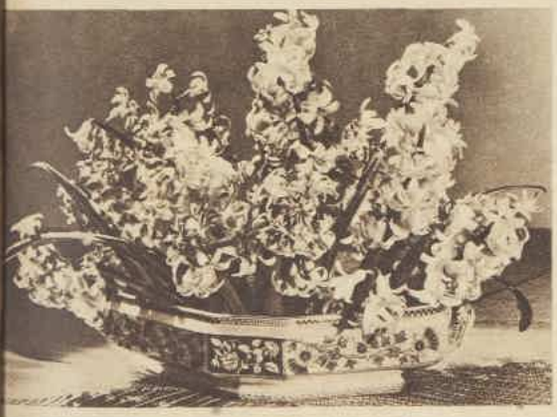
FOR PLEASANT LIVING. These apartments are grouped semi-circle fashion around sweeping lawns, studded with young trees. The gnarled old tree in foreground once provided a tenement house with green "lungs." Those lucky enough to live on the ground floor have their own patio and garden furniture for leisure hours.

Beauty in bowls

LIVE in a cool clime? Then plant tulips and you can have bowls of them for room charm.

DAFFODILS have a charm and fragrance all their own. Plant bulbs now in bowls or garden plot.



HYACINTHS . . . famous for fragrance and lasting qualities when cut, require specialised treatment, good soil. Plant at once. They come in white, also rich and pastel colors.

SNOWDROPS or snowflakes (left) are dainty and attractive. They dislike being lifted frequently, but you can plant them out now.

DEMOBBED— but gets skin rash

By MEDICO

"I DODGED dermatitis in the tropics, Doc., but look at me!"

Jimmy Williams was back from Morotai and discharged. He certainly had a rash around his waist, on his hips and thighs. It was red, scaly, and itching.

"What have you been doing for it?" I inquired.

"Well, it was grand to get home and enjoy good, soaking hot baths again," he said. "After sweating for eight months in the tropics I revelled in the hot, soapy water and dry, clean, home-washed clothes.

"I have been using a fungicide ointment, but it only seems to make it worse."

"You are suffering from bath dermatitis," I assured him. "Quite a few men back from the tropics have been troubled this way, but I think we've got yours in time."

"What do I do about it?" asked Jimmy.

"No more hot baths for the present," I said. "Keep soap away from the affected areas and rub cold cream well into your skin once a day after your cold shower. The fungicide ointment you are using will only make the rash worse because it is not due to a fungus."

"How is this rash caused?"

"Your skin takes time to adjust itself to the cooler climate," I said. "While you were in the tropics your skin glands, which produced the skin-protecting oil, were acting well, but in a cooler climate the skin glands (both sweat and oil) are doing less work. The skin gets more easily irritated. Lots of returned men are coming to me with rashes like yours."

"Jane! You made that bath sparkle in seconds!"

If you want to clean a bath in a hurry, do as Jane does—use Bon Ami! It never leaves those dirt-catching scratches that dull baths and sinks—make hard work of cleaning. For Bon Ami is soft and fine as well as speedy. It whisks off dirt—polishes, too—leaves porcelain (and hands!) silky-smooth. It's tops for every cleaning job!

P. S. Bon Ami comes in both Cake and Powder form.

Bon Ami

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Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed.

EVAN WILLIAMS shampoo keeps the hair young.

Western Electric

HEARING AIDS

If you need a hearing aid, or are dissatisfied with the one you have, then you owe it to yourself to visit the nearest "Western Electric" representative and hear the new, exciting Model 63 . . . a climax to 63 years of research by the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

The magic of "FULL COLOUR" Hearing will delight you. Once again you'll hear the full range of sound. The inspired playing of your favourite pianist . . . The voices of your friends and all other sounds will come to you with a vivid realism.

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Three CASSEROLE DINNERS

● These menus have finesse. Planned for mild weather days, they are not too heavy, not too light. They are interesting for the family or fine choice for guest night.

RAGOUT OF VEAL . . . with little tender squash, seasoned with capsicum and cheesed potatoes, dusted with paprika, all piping hot . . . makes family dinner a social event.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THE main dishes can be prepared in the morning and easily reheated in the evening without detriment to flavor or food value. This suits the plans for mother's day out.

For the hostess the casserole main dish entails little or no last-minute fussing, easy service, and a minimum of washing-up.

Casseroles are also clever with inexpensive cuts of meat, neck chops, breast of mutton or veal, topside steak, chuck steak, with rabbits and poultry that need tenderising.

Every wise woman makes the most of the fascinating heritage of traditional French recipes, using the casserole or cocotte.

These menus show a continental influence . . . the casserole marinsky introduces that sharp, sweet flavor favored by Russian chefs . . . Menu 2 includes a typical French ragout . . . the creamy blanquette of Menu 3 is French magic with white meats and can enter the luxury class when flanked with mushrooms or truffles.

Russian Fish Salad
Rabbit Casserole Marinsky
Browned Potato Slices, Tomatoes stuffed with Curried Rice or Noodles
Almond-flavored Crumb Custard with Iced Fruit Garnish
Coffee

Russian Fish Salad: Mix approximately equal quantities of diced cooked beetroot, diced cucumber, and flaked cooked fish. Combine with a vinaigrette dressing of 2 tablespoons oil to 1 tablespoon vinegar and a hint of onion. Season to taste, and serve icy cold in lettuce.

Rabbit Casserole Marinsky: One rabbit, 2 tablespoons oil or 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 onion, 2 cloves, 1 bayleaf, pinch of allspice, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 pint hot water, 1/3rd cup vinegar, claret or Russian kvass.

Wash rabbit, soak in cold salted water for ½ hour, rinse, dry, and cut into joints. Lightly brown pieces in hot oil or dripping. Lift into casserole. Add flour to fat and brown. Stir in remaining ingredients and correct seasoning to taste. Pour into casserole. Cover and cook very slowly (325deg. F.) for 1½ hours. For four.

Ragout of Veal and Tomato
Cheesed Potatoes, Baby Squash
Apple Serenade
Celery and Cream Cheese Salad
Coffee

Ragout of Veal and Tomatoes: One and a half pounds veal cutlets, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 onions.

Trim cutlets, removing surplus fat. Heat dripping and lightly brown cutlets. Place cutlets in casserole. Add flour to hot fat, cooking for 2 minutes, lightly browning. Stir in tomato juice, water, sauce, and salt. Bring to boil. Add sliced onions to casserole, pour in sauce, and cook very slowly (325deg. F.) about 1½ hours. Serve very hot. For four.

Cheesed Potatoes: Choose small even-sized potatoes and cook whole until tender and not broken. Drain and coat with beaten egg and then roll in grated cheese. Place in oven for cheese to glaze and lightly brown. Dust with paprika.

Baby Squash: Wash squash and cook whole in boiling, salted water until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain and toss in little butter or oil. Delicious with chopped mint or chives, or scooped slightly and filled with chopped capsicum or sauteed mushrooms.

Apple Serenade is sometimes called witches' snow. To 2lb. apples allow 2 or 3 egg-whites and 4 to 6 tablespoons sugar, and a tablespoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon grated rind. Bake apples until soft, remove peel and core, and rub the pulp through a sieve. When cold add gradually to egg-whites beaten to a very stiff snow, to which sugar, lemon juice, and rind have been slowly added. Chill and serve piled in individual glass dishes, topped with whipped cream or custard, and garnished with fruit such as strawberry, small pineapple wedge, half orange slice, fresh grapes.

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Blanquette of Tripe
Neapolitan Marrow, Parsley Potatoes
Figliatta
Coffee

Blanquette of Tripe: One and a half pounds tripe, 1 large onion, stuck with 2 cloves, 2 or 3 sticks of celery, curl of lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, water to cover. For sauce: 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, ½ pint milk, ½ pint stock. For flavor garnish: About ½ cup of cooked mushrooms, chopped capsicum, or chopped ham.

Wash tripe and place in cold water, bring to boil, and then strain. Place in casserole and cover again with water, add onion, cloves, celery, lemon rind, juice, and salt. Cover and cook slowly (325deg. F.) for 1½ hours or longer.

Remove tripe from casserole and cut into small pieces. Strain stock, discarding onion, celery, and lemon rind. Replace tripe in casserole. Make a sauce by melting butter.

Continued on page 35

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Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Yes, it's a sound scheme!

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night . . . that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Macleans Toothpaste has a most pleasant flavour . . . it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

1/1½ and 1/7½ per tube

MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE
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Have you ever considered that you may have one of those golden radio voices that can earn you a fortune as a radio announcer? Who knows?

Call or 'phone CHANDRA PARKES RADIO INSTITUTE OF AUSTRALIA, Dymock's Building, 426 George St., Sydney, Tel. M3696, for an appointment—or if unable to do this write for her remarkable Home Course of Instruction.

Musical comedy and musical acts arranged for radio, parties, concerts, etc.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

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is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 317 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Bicks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

NOW - FLY-TOX Containing D.D.T. SUDDEN DEATH TO ALL INSECTS

HOT OR COLD PIE . . . crisp, well-seasoned pastry baked over layers of veal, hard-boiled eggs, chopped ham, all moistened with rich stock or white sauce.

MORE PRIZE RECIPES . . .

● These are budget stretchers. With inexpensive ingredients they create dishes suitable for any family meal.

THE chocolate tarts can be a teatime delicacy, a dinner sweet, or a lunch-box special. Try the chocolate crumb mixture over shredded pineapple or spiced banana.

LITTLE CHOCOLATE TARTS

Pastry: Five ounces flour, pinch salt, ½ level teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. shortening, cold water to mix.

Filling: One dessertspoon custard powder, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½oz. breadcrumbs, few drops vanilla, little jam.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in shortening and mix to a fairly dry dough with cold water. Roll out, cut into rounds and line small patty tins. Drop a little jam in the bottom of each. Blend the custard powder and cocoa with a little milk. Heat the remainder of the milk, stir in the custard powder mixture, and bring to the boil. Stir in the sugar, breadcrumbs, and vanilla. Allow this mixture to cool and then spoon into patty cases. Bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) about 15 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Barsby, 88 Wharf St., Maryborough, Qld.

HOME-MADE MEAT PATE

One pound stewing steak, 2 or 3 pieces of bacon ends (3 or 6 pennyworth), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt to taste.

Wash and cut up steak and bacon into 2-inch pieces. Place in basin, with no water, and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Cover basin and steam for 2 hours. Lift meat from basin and mince finely. Return to basin with its own gravy and Worcestershire sauce. Pound well. Turn into jars and when cold store in refrigerator or on ice. Will keep for a week. Use for sandwiches or savory toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Cameron, 182 Barkley St., North Fitzroy, Vic.

SAVORY STEAK ROLL

One and a half pounds round steak, 2 cups breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 1 small onion, minced, ½ teaspoon each of powdered ginger, pepper and salt, 4 hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 sliced onion, little hot water.

Finely mince the steak, add the breadcrumbs, which have been soaked in the milk, the minced onion, pepper, salt, and ginger. Turn meat on to a floured board and press into a rectangular shape. Place shelled eggs end to end along the steak and mould the meat mixture round the eggs. Place the roll in a greased baking dish and pour over a hot sauce made from tomato puree, melted butter, sliced onion, and enough water to half cover roll. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for about 2 hours, basting several times with the sauce. May be eaten hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Lennox, Claremont, Baan Baa, N.S.W.

IT'S DELICIOUS. Try it! Ruth Hussey (MGM) creates a new casserole of apples. A syrup is made from brown sugar, orange rind, cloves, very little water, and poured over apple halves, which are then covered and cooked slowly.

STUFFED LAMB'S FRY WITH APPLE AND ONION SEASONING

One lamb's liver, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, ½ cup stewed unsweetened apple, ½ medium-sized onion, finely chopped, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, pepper and salt, ½lb. bacon rashers.

Wash and wipe dry the lamb's liver and with a sharp knife cut a deep pocket in it. Combine breadcrumbs, apple, cheese, herbs, and season with pepper and salt. An egg may be added. Pack seasoning into the meat pocket and fasten with a skewer. Sprinkle with flour and cover with bacon rashers. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for one hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Harding, 33 The Esplanade, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

PASSIONFRUIT FLUFF

Two cups water, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 6 passionfruit, juice of 1 orange, juice of 1 lemon.

Blend water, flour, and sugar, and bring to the boil, stirring. Simmer 3 minutes. Soak the gelatine in the fruit juices, and stir into the hot liquid, stirring until dissolved. Allow to cool and then add the passionfruit pulp, and whisk with a rotary egg beater until a creamy froth is obtained. Chill. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Strathisla, Cumnock, N.S.W.

Three Casserole Dinners

Continued from page 34

stirring in flour, and gradually stirring in milk and stock; season to taste and add flavor garnish of mushrooms, capsicum, or ham to the sauce. The creamy texture of the sauce is improved if 2 egg-yolks are beaten into it. It may also be carefully flavored with a little sherry. Pour over the tripe in the casserole and serve all piping hot. For four.

Neapolitan Marrow or Zucchini: Choose young marrow, peel thinly, remove seeds, and slice thinly. Lightly brown both sides in hot oil or dripping (or butter) and liberally sprinkle with chopped mint.

Figliatia is a favorite neapolitan sweet. It consists of shortcrust, rolled thinly, brushed with honey, and strewn with chopped dates and nuts; it is then shaped into a long, thin roll, twisted into a spiral, and baked in a fairly hot oven for 30 minutes until crisped and golden.

AFTERNOON SESSION by BEE

"Another Acquisition to the Modern Kitchen"
SAYS HILDA HOUSEWIFE

THE MAJOR MINCER!

For the speedy and economical preparation of wholesome and tasty meals . . . . Will not wobble when clamped to the table . . . Very pleasing in appearance and lasts a lifetime . . . An ideal present for a bride.

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BURNING, ACHING FEET

The pain and discomfort of tired inflamed feet are the lot of thousands to-day. Whether in the Services, in a hospital, a workshop or the home, get the relief and comfortable ease which Iodex gives to aching, burning feet. Iodex rapidly reduces inflammation and helps restore sinews and muscles to normal.

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Tintex to the rescue

A crisis in Betty's life—when she's just had a super date for Saturday night and not a chance in the world to get a new dress!

"No time, no cash, no coupons", Betty wails.

"What's wrong with that lovely blue dress you had last year? asks Marge. "I

always thought you looked your very nicest in that."

"My blue dress!" groans Betty. "That's so *faded* I couldn't wear it anywhere—let alone out with Bob!"

"Cheer up, Betty—that's easy to fix! Just pop into the store on your way home this evening and get a packet of Tintex!"

"You mean *I* could *dye* my blue dress?"

"That's the idea, Betty. Just a quick dip in Tintex and you'll be thrilled how fresh and lovely your dress comes out."

"Well . . ."

"Go on now Betty, it's easy . . . and I bet you'll be the smartest thing in sight on Saturday night!"

* * *

Good old Auntie Mabel! She's just knitted a cardigan each for young Johnnie and Jill—and are the youngsters pleased

when the parcel arrives!

That goes for Mum, too—but she's a bit worried because those bright new cardigans make Johnnie's shirt and Jill's dress look so faded and shabby.

"Besides, they don't really go with the cardigans a bit well", sighs Mum.

What, worried about a little thing like

that, Mrs. Jones! All you have to do is to ask for a packet of Tintex next time you are out shopping.

Choose one of the lovely Tintex shades to tone with those cardigans—then a quick dip in Tintex and hey ho!

Johnny's shirt and Jill's dress will look so bright and fresh everyone will think they are positively brand new!

* * *

Wonderful news for the Brown family! Their son Ted will be back home *to stay*, in a couple of weeks—and Mum's all agog to have his old room spic and span and freshened up when he returns.

"But what *am* I going to do about these faded curtains and that dingy-looking bedspread", says Mum.

"Why, you're in luck", answers Mrs. Smith-next-door. "It's such good material in those curtains and bedspread—and Tintex will have them looking like new in no time!"

So Mrs. Brown put Tintex magic to work on the curtains and bedspread—and was she pleased with the results! So was Ted.

"This looks pretty good to me, Mum", was his verdict.

New life to all faded fabrics

It's so quick and easy to give clothes and household draperies a new lease of life by dipping (or boiling) with reliable Tintex dyes—and it's such a grand way to save both cash and coupons! Thirty-six gorgeous colours in pastels or full rich fast colours! Simple and complete instructions with every packet. 1/- a packet at all chemists and stores.

Tintex

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